JULY 28, 1947

New Republic

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Prague Under Pressure

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DON'T THINK! The "THOUGHT POLICE" Are On The Prowl!

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BUT—IF YOU INSIST ON YOUR AMERICAN RIGHTS—

STOP THE "THOUGHT POLICE"!—ABOLISH THE "UN-AMERICAN" COMMITTEE!

You know who these "thought police" are: J. Parnell Thomas, John Rankin, and others of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Already they've shut up many liberal radio commentators. They're forcing Hollywood to picture life their way. They've threatened government workers and others to stop Wallace rallies. They've interfered in elections and union affairs. They've fought everyone but fascists to get at you.

You're next. Your mind, your freedom, your job, your organization, your right to choose your friends, are already being curbed by the "thought police." Make no mistake about it.

***Stop them now, while you still can.* You can't reason with them; you can't talk to them; there's no shelter from them. There's only one way—ABOLISH THEM.**

One American organization has taken on the job of defeating them in the only effective way: through a court battle in defense of the victims of the "Un-American" Committee. In America today, the "thought police" can't stand the light of day.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS CONGRESS CAN DO THIS JOB WITH YOUR HELP As a basic safeguard for the civil rights of all Americans, the Civil Rights Congress has undertaken the legal defense of many of the victims, charged with contempt of the Thomas-Rankin Committee.

In addition to aiding the fight of the Rev. Richard Morford, director of the National Council of American Soviet Friendship, and the 18 executive board members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, CRC is conducting the entire legal defense of

GEORGE MARSHALL Whose "crime" has been to fight the Committee, since its inception under Martin Dies, as a menace to American democracy. He challenged Rankin's right to add the names of supporters of the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties to his smear-list.

GERHART EISLER German Communist and anti-Nazi refugee, seized at the instigation of Thomas to initiate America's worst Red scare since 1919. He was charged with contempt when he insisted on protesting his illegal arrest before the Committee.

EUGENE DENNIS General Secretary of the American Communist Party, who challenged the constitutionality of the "Un-American" Committee. The Committee has declared its aim to outlaw this and other minority parties, and its first move is to jail Communist leaders.

LEON JOSEPHSON A New Jersey attorney and a member of the Communist Party. As an American, he was active in the European underground against Hitler in the 1930's.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS CONGRESS DEFENDS YOUR LIBERTIES ON MANY FRONTS

CRC got the facts on Bilbo. Its representatives collected the data which was used to investigate the Mississippi reactionary and bar him, thus far, from his Senate seat.

CRC wages a ceaseless and relentless fight to wipe out lynching through the defense of Negro-Americans in Southern Courts and by mobilizing support for passage of the Case-Wagner anti-lynch bill. Fighting Jim Crow, anti-Semitism, red-baiting, in community after community, it takes over the legal defense of citizens whose rights have been infringed.

What Is Your Liberty Worth to You?

The "Un-American" Committee spends taxpayers' money to do its job. CRC must depend on voluntary contributions to defend American liberties. At least $150,000 is needed, *fast*, to pay legal action costs for Thomas-Rankin victims and to combat the "thought police" propaganda. A $100,000 bail fund is also required.

Your contribution today is insurance for freedom from the "thought police" tomorrow.

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205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed is my contribution of $..... to help in the campaign to abolish the Thomas-Rankin Un-American Activities Committee.

☐ Let me know how else I can help in my community to further the campaign of CRC.

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City..... Zone.....

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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR JULY 28, 1947

3 Washington Wire
5 News in Focus
12 Henry Wallace
14 Prague under Pressure
16 1947 Cars
19 Teamsters' Union: II
24 Books in Review
29 United Nations News
30 Labor
31 Movies
33 Music
34 Radio
36 Farm
38 Bandwagon
Correspondence

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Washington Wire

Eligible but Unexciting

TOM DEWEY has been out handshaking over the country these past two weeks. Everybody rather mournfully agrees that he is the probable nominee of his party for 1948. The only trouble with Dewey's candidacy for the presidency is that practically nobody really likes him. He has the inside track because he epitomizes Eligibility. The girl may not care for him, but Pa thinks all the time of that fat block of New York electoral votes. Personally, Dewey looks all right; his table manners are good; he has a hard, personal, opportunistic efficiency; and people are forgetting that unkind comment which somebody made in 1944—that you really have to know Dewey well to dislike him. Then again, he has another advantage as a political suitor —that of contrast with his rivals; Dewey may not have much voter sex appeal himself, but Bricker is no Don Juan either and good old Bob Taft would hardly be the pin-up picture in any girls' dormitory. As for Stassen, that's another matter, but Minnesota has only a few electoral votes, and, after all, how uncouth he was to admit he was a candidate!

But voters are getting a little uneasy about Dewey. Silent Tom is obviously concerned much more with putting himself right with the bosses than with the public. That is one way of conducting a political courtship, to be sure. But a lot of girls think it's an unflattering way to woo.

CONGRESS is just about ready to quit. There was frustration and deadlock over the tax bill, but on the whole bitterness hasn't been so intense as expected. Symbolic of the Truman relationship with Congress was his arrangement with the Republican leaders on the tax bill—he told them he was going to veto, but he also agreed to do it quickly, so as not to inconvenience them unduly. This isn't the way it used to be around here! It has made a lot of old-timers rub their eyes. Truman might have dramatized himself better if he had made a rip-roaring denunciation of Congress every other week. But—well, Harry isn't the rip-roaring type. There are signs that he has made a quiet impression on the voters, too.

We have a vague feeling that the Republicans, on the whole, have been overplaying their hand. They have been a little too obvious. Take the tax bill, for instance. Just a few years ago the good, sound conservatives were beating breasts about the national debt and declaring That Man was dragging us all into bankruptcy. But when Truman quietly proposed that instead of handing out tax cuts to the rich we should cut down the debt in the boom, the conservatives denounced him, too, and "sound" Democratic leaders like Senators Walter F. George (D, Ga.) and Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.) deserted their party.

WE still think there's a good chance of a special session. Some high Administration officials are talking confidentially as though they were expecting it. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (R, Mich.) quoted Truman as saying there wouldn't be one unless an "unexpected necessity" arose, but that is a pretty big escape clause. Just wait a few months and the growing world dollar shortage is apt to provoke a good lively "necessity." The fact is that Congress is in a sour mood and a vacation will do it good.

There is isolationist talk of retaliating against the Truman tax veto by voting against foreign aid. This is pretty silly, but it shows that congressmen ought to go home for a while and cool off. The prospect is that the Paris Conference will be ready to submit its

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80th Congress: the Republican Record

COMING NEXT WEEK August 4—the sixth in the New Republic's celebrated series of charts which show how *your* Congressmen voted on the vital issues affecting your security and your future.

Ten major roll calls in the Senate and eleven in the House have been selected, the bills summarized, their significance explained, and the votes of *every member* of Congress charted in clear, accurate fashion.

See how your representatives measured up to your ideas in the present Congress—the first to be dominated by the Republicans since 1932. Find out who bears the blame for the record made and who gets the credit for waging the losing battles to protect the legislative legacy of Roosevelt. Labor, housing, price control, taxes, atomic control—the charts show where your representatives stood on each one of the vital issues.

Beginning in 1942 with its famous supplement *"A Congress to Win the War,"* the New Republic has charted periodically the votes of Congress on major issues. These records have become standard works of reference and are quoted wherever politics are discussed.

Don't miss the forthcoming SPECIAL ISSUE: *The Republican Record*. To be sure of getting a copy place your order with your newsdealer today, or better still, attach two dollars to the coupon below and mail it *now* with your name and address, and you will receive the next 17 issues of the New Republic, including the issue of August 4.

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New Republic

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self-help balance sheet to the United States by mid-September. President Truman's three special commissions will be working concurrently and should be ready to report in October, taking the Paris findings into account.

These events seem rather likely to coincide with the dollar-shortage crisis which the State Department confidently expects. For the Administration to sit back under such circumstances and watch France and Italy totter over toward communism for lack of action on a plan which they submitted at our request, seems impossible.

ONE of the best articles we have seen on the probable operation of the Taft-Hartley Act was by Jan Hasbrouck in this magazine last week, "Our Local Died in 1951." Just as corroborative detail, here is a quotation from a circular Prentice-Hall, Inc., is putting out as part of its revised Labor Course service:

"The new labor law gives you new and powerful advantages which you should begin to use at once, but the law is unusually tricky, with many of its benefits buried in a maze of complicated clauses where they may easily be missed by the employer." We doubt that many employers miss them.

NOTES.—The preposterous House "loyalty test" for two million federal workers won't get through the Senate; it's discouraging to think that the House voted for it 319 to 61. . . . The GOP is consciously saving its social legislation for next session with the idea of making a better appeal to the low-income brackets before election. . . . The idea of a "legislative budget," incorporated in the LaFollette-Monroney Act, has flopped; all through the session, Senate and House GOP leaders were unable to agree on a ceiling for federal expenditures. . . . The old "Power Trust" is back—bills to nullify the Federal Water-Power Act, to boost prices of natural gas, to hamstring the Federal Power Commission, have been quietly introduced and have made some headway; there'll be a bitter fight over them next year.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

VOLUME 117, NUMBER 4, ISSUE 1704, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 28, 1947

News in Focus

The Plan Takes Shape

THE big questions in Washington today are: What is the Marshall plan? Will there be a special session of Congress to consider it? What will Congress do about it?

Today the Marshall plan is still just an idea. A horde of top bureaucrats are frantically working late nights to turn the idea into an actual plan before the 16 nations now meeting in Paris begin trying to cash in on the vague promise in Marshall's Harvard address. But it will be another month to six weeks before they will have anything tangible to show.

One committee of government experts under Interior Secretary Krug is concentrating on the physical problems involved in a large-scale program of assistance to Europe—what are the dangers of depletion of our natural resources and what is the capacity of our critical industries? Subcommittees on steel, chemicals and all such strategic commodities are busy assembling the facts on how far the US can go in helping Europe without dangerously draining its own resources. This committee hopes to complete its report before September 1. Truman is relying on its findings to answer the contentions of Hoover and Vandenberg that a $4-to-$5 billion-per-year aid program will wreck our own economy.

Dr. Edwin Nourse and his associates in the Council of Economic Advisers are preparing a report for the President on the impact which a "Marshall plan" would have on our domestic economy, on prices and inflation. That, too, will be ready by September 1, according to plan.

The State Department has unofficially asked the Paris Conference nations to submit by that date their statement of needs for US financial help. When those are received, they will go, together with the reports of the Krug and Nourse committees, to Secretary Marshall's Policy Planning Staff, under George Kennan, and to the big-name Committee on International Loans, which President Truman has set up under the chairmanship of Commerce Secretary W. Averell Harriman as a bipartisan front for his coming campaign to get funds for the plan from Congress. Both groups will set to work "screening" the European-need figures in light of what we have and what we want. Harriman, just back from "high-level" conferences with the British cabinet, is looking for staff members for his committee to prepare the report to Congress based on all this material. That will be The Marshall Plan. With luck, it will be in finished form, ready for consideration by the Senate and House foreign-relations committees in early October.

Will Truman call Congress back to go to work on the plan as soon as it is ready? Probably. The whole timetable above was worked out on this assumption. For several weeks, State Department men have been swarming over Capitol Hill in much larger numbers than usual, arranging meetings between Secretary Marshall and certain congressional committees, explaining that all this was being done "because of the special session."

Irate Democrats, seeing their plans of home and vacations fading, went howling to Harry. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (R, Mich.) received similar protests from his colleagues, who threatened that Vandenberg and Truman would get no coöperation from them if they were hauled back to Washington this fall. When Vandenberg met with Truman last week, they agreed that this was no time to talk special session to this irascible Congress and announced that a special session "would not be necessary" except, of course, in case of emergency. Vandenberg had other depressing news for the President: chances of getting even half of the $4-to-$5 billion program which Europe is estimated to need out of this Congress looked very dark unless some miracle of public-opinion rousing were performed.

The Truman-Vandenberg statement came as a complete surprise to all the Marshall planners in the government. The President neglected to tell them about it in advance. But the State Department and most of the cabinet still feel very strongly that a special session must be called by November 1 at the latest if Western Europe is to be saved from collapse. Some of those closest to the President are confident that he will issue the call as soon as he feels that it is politically feasible.

The biggest question is: What will Congress do then?

No Expert

GERALD L. K. SMITH ("Sure I'm anti-Semitic, if you take the word of some Jewish journals"), head of the Christian Nationalists, last week expanded his theories on race to include major-league baseball. In answer to a New York reporter's question, Smith declared:

"No, I don't approve of Negroes playing baseball in the big leagues. I'm no expert on the game, but I oppose any contact between the races which might lead to mixed offspring."

Sid Simpson's World

SID SIMPSON of Illinois is one of the 244 Republican members of the House who, in the final analysis, will decide whether the US will make big

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loans to Europe. A compact, gray-haired man, who is the Chevrolet dealer back home in Carrollton, Illinois, Simpson sits in Congress as the representative of the corn-growing counties in the west-central part of the state. The only town of consequence in his district is Jacksonville (population: 22,000), a non-industrial, college town. Most of the district's voters make their living from the rich, black prairie, as did their fathers and grandfathers. What Sid Simpson and his constituents are thinking now is important to all the world.

In his Washington office a week ago Simpson talked about it this way:

"When you get out West you find people think different about things," he said. "They've got their own problems. Why, people in the East go to Europe quicker than they come out to Wisconsin for a vacation.

"You go into a cornfield out in my district and talk to some of those farmers and you'll find them worrying about why it's so hard to get a new roll of fence wire, a new tractor and lots of other things. They don't see why those things should be shipped to Europe when we need them here and they don't see why we should loan foreigners money when they use those same dollars to bid up prices here.

"But would you believe it, I haven't had a single letter about the Marshall plan from my 10 counties? The big news out there is a $5 million flood-relief appropriation we put through for the Sny drainage district, where some of the best cornland in Illinois had been flooded in the Pittsfield vicinity.

"If there's a special session, we'll be back. But I want to spend the rest of the summer in Carrollton. My family has been in the furniture and un-

The Bastion Builders and the Marshall Plan

by Eva Putnam

WHEN I followed the US troops into Berlin just two years ago, the hospital tents along the Autobahn were crowded with wounded Americans, and Harry Truman was in Potsdam, playing the piano for Generalissimo Stalin and the new British Prime Minister, Clement Attlee.

Fraternization was big news that first rainy summer, along with the Potsdam Agreement that pledged the Big Three to joint action to make sure that Germany never again might threaten the peace of the world.

This week, I felt a certain nostalgia for those early days when Germany was a problem rather than a prize—a nostalgia heightened by reading the following on the front page of the British-sponsored newspaper, *Telegraf*, published in Berlin: "The chief economics expert of the American Military Government, Brigadier General William Draper, stated that the new policy line [the joint directive to General Lucius D. Clay] would supplant the hard conditions of the former Morgenthau plan and the Potsdam Agreement with the basic principles of the Marshall plan."

Draper, a member of the New York firm of Dillon, Read and Company, which financed some of the biggest German cartels, has always been one of the most important of those who opposed stringent decartelization and de-industrialization of Germany. He has sought reactivation of Ruhr industries and used his position as Clay's chief economic adviser to soften the restrictive provisions of the Potsdam Agreement, which he now declares to be out of date.

Almost without exception, the men like Draper who have consistently worked for rebuilding the industrial might of Germany have spoken discreetly but clearly of the necessity of rebuilding Germany as a bastion against the Soviet Union. Bastion, I believe, is a term they use in its strict military sense.

Draper's statement that the new directive denounces the Potsdam Agreement is hardly less interesting than the timing of the directive itself. Everyone who knows the workings of government bureaus knows that it takes months, if not years, to conceive, assemble, gain concurrences to and issue a joint directive. This one issued plop into the midst of the Paris debates among the Little Sixteen on the Marshall plan, and could hardly be considered extemporaneous.

Also while the Little Sixteen were debating, the June 25 testimony of Dean Acheson before a House Appropriations subcommittee came to light. Acheson said: "There cannot be any real recovery of Europe without the recovery of German production."

It is plain to see that the bastion-builders are in the ascendancy where American foreign policy is made and have declared themselves in on the Marshall plan. If there is no longer a Potsdam Agreement, and if the rebuilding of Germany is an integral part of the Marshall plan, then the November meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers to discuss the future of Germany may be a sterile affair.

A FRIEND who has returned from Berlin more recently than I, is convinced that the November meeting of the Foreign Ministers will not be held. He is convinced that the US policy of building up western Germany as a bastion against the Soviet Union has already gone too far to permit any possibility of a four-power agreement on Germany.

The dilemma of France remains. The French, who have consistently vetoed all attempts of the British, Americans and Russians to execute the Potsdam Agreement to treat "Germany as an economic whole," are as fearful as ever of a rebuilt German industrial potential. But they are a subtle-minded people and the implications of US foreign policy are clear to them. Better than any, the French can read the big price tag that the bastion-builders have firmly affixed to the Marshall plan.

Eva Putnam, a free-lance writer, covered the first year and a half of the four-power occupation of Germany.

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dertaking business there for 62 years. Now I'm the Chevrolet dealer. I've got a lot of business to tend to out there this summer."

Sid Simpson is not unusual among the members of the 80th Congress. Neither is he uninformed. No congressman who has served three terms, as he has, can afford to be ignorant of what his constituents are thinking. Among themselves, congressmen are discussing what should be done about loans to Europe when and if the Marshall program takes concrete shape. In their discussions there is a flavor of the old, familiar isolationism, the old suspicion of being played for suckers by foreigners, the old failure to recognize the problems of the interior as part of the problems of the world. The signs have become so persistent that many Washington columnists and other professional pulse-takers are beginning to speak of the revival of isolationism as an accomplished fact.

Estimating what this Congress in special session would do with a foreign-loan program is difficult because no comparable issue has been voted on by the 80th Congress. One possible clue is the vote on the British loan approved by the previous Congress. Of the 292 members who still hold seats, 161 approved the British loan, 131 opposed. Presumably the die-hards' ranks were augmented at the last election, which gave the GOP control of Congress.

Whatever approach the Administration decides to use, it will take a lot of convincing to persuade the Sid Simpsons and others like him.

Valedictory

As the 80th Congress' House of Representatives wound up its first session it wrote itself a ringing chapter in the history of American hysteria by passing, 319 to 61, a bill which would discharge federal employees suspected of disloyalty:

¶ Without a statement of charges.

¶ Without opportunity to question their accusers.

¶ Without right of hearing before an impartial body.

Dr. Seuss, brilliant prewar political cartoonist, came out of retirement, looked at the current American scene, and temporarily retired again.

¶ With the burden of proof of innocence placed on them: *i.e.*, they are guilty until proved innocent.

¶ For acts which, when committed, were not against the law.

¶ For sympathetic association with groups listed as subversive by the Attorney General as a result of no hearings or judicial process. (Representative Adolph J. Sabath (D, Ill.) commented: "Even at Nuremberg, when it was decided that anyone who was a member of certain Nazi organizations would be presumed to be guilty, those organizations were first given a trial to see whether they should come under the category in which membership would automatically mean guilt.")

¶ With a nugatory right of appeal to the courts, inasmuch as no written record of ouster proceedings is required.

The bill, introduced by Representative Edward H. Rees (R, Kans.), was the GOP reply to President Truman's loyalty message of March 22. It has almost no chance of even getting to the Senate floor at this session. But, looking to the future, one of its opponents said: "It's Republican politics to lay the foundation for a Red-baiting campaign next year."

Crippling Strike

STATEMENT by Walter S. Gifford, president of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, to all stockholders, July 7, 1947: "As can be seen from the earnings statement, the strike was expensive to the company. . . . These higher wages, along with other increased costs, have made it necessary that telephone rates gen-

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Silly Prattle in Present-Day Greece

by George Polk

ATHENS (by wireless).—The man looked six-by-six—his width being explained by great strings of fresh Aegean sponges carried around his neck and dangling from his arms. When he heard my question, his eyes narrowed. His gaze swept me swiftly. But this Athens sponge salesman said nothing. So I repeated the question: "What do you think of the new $300 million American-aid-to-Greece program?" After another moment of silence, Mr. Six-by-Six said: "Today in Greece all of us are afraid to say what we think." Then he turned and walked away, calling his wares in a deep, rolling voice. As he disappeared down the narrow sun-bleached Athens street, I heard his cries echoing from the surrounding walls which were pock-marked by bullet holes. Symbolically, the same walls bore the inscriptions of Greece's two opposing political extremes—the Fascist Royalists and the KKE of the Communist Party.

For me, the sponge salesman's statement summarized Greece's tragic need—freedom from fear. Only with such freedom can the country work out political stability. Only with such political stability can American aid accomplish anything substantial within the country.

But this week, as the US aid program began, Greek political stability seemed to be in the lap of the gods atop the craggy heights of Mount Olympus. King Paul's oppressive Athens regime continued arresting its opponents and shipping them to island concentration camps. These arrests, carried out on a mass scale, were made without warrants, without court action, without bail rights and without publication of the names of the persons seized. Even the government is said not to know how many persons have been arrested or the identity of all of them. But certainly Greece's political detention centers now have more than 30,000 unhappy inmates, men and women of varying convictions.

SUCH action is responsible for a grim joke—it is being said that the policy of the present Athens government has become the greatest membership recruiting campaign ever devised for the Communist Party. Meantime Greece's Stalinists aren't missing a trick. What the government sends their way they are using. As the policies of the Athens regime are daily driving more persons into the mountains for shelter with the guerrilla bands, the Greek Communists are busy exploiting the situation.

Caught between the right and left grindstones are the overwhelming majority of the Greek people. They are a proud, individualistic people—deserving a better fate than the last seven years of conflict. At present most Greeks have little, if any, representation in the Greek parliament or in the government of Prime Minister Dimitrios Maximos.

NOW that America is supplying the economic lifeblood of Greece, the time has come for the US to forget its silly prattle about Greece being a sovereign nation handling its own affairs. In Athens today, the US can do what it desires economically or politically. If this is constructive and progressive, the US can count on the wholehearted coöperation of 80 percent of the Greek people represented neither by the extreme Right nor Left. If the US remains half in and half out, there is no telling what excesses the extreme Right *v.* the extreme Left clash will inspire.

George Polk is the Middle East correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

erally be increased." Accompanying earnings statement: total income year ended June 30, 1947, $207,560,000. Income, year ended June 30, 1946, $200,280,000. Increase, $7,280,000.

Another Crisis Passeth

CHIANG KAI-SHEK's slick Ministry of Propaganda, which helps support its master's bid for US loans by specializing in tall tales of Soviet military misdeeds on China's remote land frontiers, has come up with a new one—a purported Soviet invasion of Inner Mongolia. While waiting for the facts of this one (it will be months before the facts are known), the *New Republic* is able to give the facts of the last purported invasion—the one some six weeks ago, when, according to Nanking, Soviet-armed troops from Outer Mongolia invaded and bombed Peitashan, 200 miles inside the Chinese border on the mountainous fringes of Chinese Turkestan and about 1,500 miles from Nanking. The first direct report from the scene comes from an American who was in Sinkiang at the time.

Peitashan, the *NR's* correspondent reports, instead of being 200 miles inside China, is on the frontier, the only Chinese military outpost in a 200-kilometer strip of land on the border, of undefined sovereignty, patrolled by Outer Mongolian troops. On June 5, eight Mongolian soldiers on routine patrol strayed into Peitashan and were disarmed by the Chinese. General Chang Chih-chung, Sinkiang's Chinese Governor, agreed to a Mongolian demand for release of the men, but his orders were delayed by bad communications.

Mongolian troops sporadically attacked Peitashan with small bombs for three days. Two soldiers were killed, several injured; the captured men were released; the incident—typical of others which have taken place for years in the area—was over. The *NR* correspondent quoted General Chang as saying Nanking had grossly exaggerated the incident, deliberately creating the false impression of Soviet participation in the clash.

MacArthur's Gadfly

THE United States last week tried a diplomatic maneuver which didn't come off. The State Department notified the 10 other nations in the Far Eastern Commission that the US wanted a conference as soon as possible to discuss the Allied peace treaty with Japan—and suggested August 19 as a "tentative date." Britain and her

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dominions said they would be glad to attend, but that the conference would have to be held at a later date. A British Commonwealth conference to discuss the Japanese peace settlement already had been set for August 26 at Canberra, Australia.

US officials, of course, had known full well about the Commonwealth conference. Apparently they hoped it might be canceled or postponed. There was a good reason why the US did not want the Commonwealth conference to come off in advance of the treaty meeting. Australian resentment at what it regards as the high-handed and dictatorial occupation policies of General Douglas MacArthur was rising. Herbert Vere Evatt, the plain-talking Australian Foreign Minister, would be sure to detail these objections at length at the Canberra conference. American officials feared he might try to form a Commonwealth bloc to oppose US objectives at the treaty conference.

(Evatt was to arrive in Tokyo this week to investigate occupation policies and gather material for the Canberra meeting. Evatt was said to be planning to give MacArthur a "friendly but nevertheless pointed ear bashing" on certain matters.)

Australia's objections to US methods in Japan date back almost to the start of the occupation. Evatt was furious when the US, Britain and Russia decided to give themselves and China veto power in the Far Eastern Commission when it was set up as the policy-making body for Japan. Later, Evatt charged in effect that the US was making the commission a debating society while permitting MacArthur to run things on a strictly unilateral basis in Tokyo. Recently, Australia has protested MacArthur's decision to permit the Japanese to carry out a whaling expedition in Antarctic waters and to work a phosphate deposit in the Palau Islands. The Canberra government also resented being excluded from a Big Four decision on the disposition of Japan's fleet.

In announcing this country's desire for an early conference on the Japanese peace settlement, the State Department said it did not appear "practicable" to hold the parley "on the foreign-minister level. . . ." Department officials who have had previous tangles with Evatt have no urge for a rematch.

When it became apparent that Britain and the dominions would not agree to meet with the US and other nations on August 19, Secretary of State George C. Marshall made haste to point out that the date was merely a suggested one. It was evident that no such conference could be held until Evatt has had his say at Canberra.

Truman's Big No

THE disastrous floods in the Missouri River basin this year—damage equaled the national investment in the TVA—sent advocates of a Missouri Valley Authority to President Truman with another bid for his open support. But the President just looked the other way. As in the past, his answer was a big no and a little yes.

Truman's big no was a message to Congress tacitly endorsing the Army

Liberal Democrats in Fresno

by Robin Kinkead

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.—Four hundred liberal Democrats representing many thousands more from all parts of the state launched a formal Wallace-for-President move at a meeting in this quiet agricultural city over the weekend. Outside the air-conditioned hotel where the meeting was held, the heat was 104 degrees. Inside, the warmth of the participants' enthusiasm reminded old-timers of the early Roosevelt days. This meeting, they said, would be a model for a possible similar gathering of Democrats from 11 Western states at Denver next autumn.

AFL, Railroad Brotherhood and CIO men attended the gathering here as observers. The delegates themselves were a cross section of the population of the state—the men for the most part dressed in sports shirts with open collars in the Central California fashion; the women young and old, a majority youthful, wearing cotton print dresses. The meeting was not sponsored by the Progressive Citizens of America or by any other organization which has come out for Wallace. The organizer and keynoter, former State Attorney General Robert W. Kenny, national PCA co-chairman, said he had not consulted "directly or indirectly" with Wallace about the gathering. "I'm only the man who hired the hall," he added.

The meeting moved quickly. After short speeches, caucus groups from California's 23 congressional districts went into huddles to plan the actual work of organizing a fund-raising campaign and arranging for doorbell ringing to get signatures. Under California law, about 6,000 signatures must be raised by next March to put a Wallace slate on the Democratic primary ballot. Kenny was named chairman of the proposed statewide committee whose task it is to draw up the list of Wallace delegates to next year's Democratic convention, which will be submitted to voters at the primaries in June. Then the job will be to get the slate elected to the Democratic National Convention instructed for Wallace.

THERE had been much talk of third-party moves, but Kenny made it clear early in the proceedings here that this was not to be a third-party meeting. It is, he said, the start of an organized movement to liberalize the Democratic Party and to put it back on the Roosevelt tracks, rather than to let it be relegated to the role of "Senator Taft's loyal opposition." Kenny was applauded when he jabbed at the Truman Doctrine and the Taft-Hartley Act. Roars of applause greeted his criticism of Truman himself. An election race between Truman and Dewey, Kenny said, would be as phony as a grunt-and-groan wrestling match.

Wall Street, Kenny went on, expected Dewey to win but would merely shudder slightly if Truman did. Only if the Democratic Party altered its course and endorsed Wallace would the voter who followed Roosevelt have a realistic choice, he insisted. "We can't win with Truman," he said, "because he has already chloroformed the independent voters. But we can win with Wallace backed by the Democratic Party."

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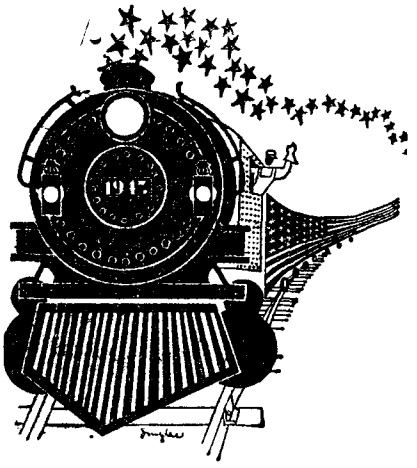
Engineers' outmoded methods of flood control by requesting $250 million to finance this year's combined Army and Reclamation Bureau flood-control operations. Perhaps in an effort to water down the bitterness of his rebuff to such a staunch MVA backer as Senator James E. Murray (D, Mont.), the President tacked a tiny yes onto his message—a sentence to the effect that his support of Army operations "does not change the desirability" of establishing valley authorities. But there was no specific mention of the MVA.

The power interests favor Brigadier General Lewis Pick's scheme to dredge a channel in the lower Missouri because it would ignore the enormous hydroelectric potential of the lower valley, and contractors eying the job of dredging the river to get sand and gravel to build dikes and levees see it as a super-bonanza.

Benton J. Stong, chairman of the Regional Committee for an MVA, declares that letting Army Engineers handle floods is like sending "Typhoid Mary to stop a typhoid epidemic." He points out that the Army's activity has reduced the Missouri's carrying capacity and that the Ohio Valley, also Army-controlled, has had some of the nation's worst floods. Also attacking Army control is the Valley Authority Conference, because (1) the Army has made no provision to develop the 10-to-12-billion-kilowatt-hour power potential along the Missouri between Omaha and its mouth, (2) the Agriculture Department's Forestry Service complains the Army has omitted "water-crop" lands, which store water in the mountains and release it gradually, and (3) there has been no drought prevention (the US paid more than $1 billion in relief to drought victims in the Missouri area alone).

Freedom Train

It will be a whole train. It will start its journey early this autumn. It will tour the entire United States, visiting several hundred communities in the course of a year. It will be the central feature of "a comprehensive program of education in the ideals and practices of American democracy."



Thus is announced the "Freedom Train," of which you will be hearing a lot next winter. Indeed, you will be lucky if you hear of anything else. The United States Government is cooperating with a private group, the American Heritage Foundation, to try to sell the people of this country the advantages of democracy over totalitarianism. For this purpose, the Freedom Train will carry around the Nation 100 historic documents, all carefully protected in glass cases.

On board will be a manuscript copy of the Declaration of Independence, attested by Benjamin Franklin; a printed draft of the Constitution, with annotations by George Washington; the official and original Bill of Rights; the Emancipation Proclamation; the German and Japanese surrender documents in the late war; the United Nations Declaration; and lots more. Millions of our citizens will climb aboard the train at its various stops, walk down the aisle between the showcases and disembark again, edified beyond measure and, it is hoped, rededicated to democracy and insulated against poisonous, subversive European ideas.

The arrival of this train in each town will be the climax of "Community Rededication Week." That week will consist of Veterans' Day, Inter-Faith Day, Labor Day, Commerce and Industry Day, School Day, Bench and Bar Day, etc. A patriotic film will be shown in all local movies; children will write essays and deliver orations on what a good thing is patriotism; the mayor will conduct a mass meeting with "outstanding personalities" doing guest shots. The local press and radio will carry appropriate material.

Since the train will have to spend more than 24 hours in big cities like New York and Chicago, some smaller towns may need to be cut down to less than a day. Thousands of towns will be off the list entirely, but these are being strongly urged to put on "Community Rededication Week" just the same.

Though the project has the blessing of the government, and the coöperation of Attorney General Tom C. Clark in particular, the funds will come from private sources. The American Heritage Foundation has among its officials Winthrop W. Aldrich of the Chase National Bank, Green and Murray of the AFL and CIO, Barney Balaban and Eric Johnston of the movies, Paul Hoffman of the motor industry, DeWitt Wallace of the magazines and 27 other top-drawer public figures. President Truman is for it. So is the Advertising Council, Inc. "Let all who will," says the American Heritage Foundation, with a touch of Lucean sternness, "join in the common cause for the common good."

Who Dat?

AUSTINE CASSINI, Washington *Times-Herald* columnist, quotes Major General Harry Vaughan, Truman's chum and military aide, as saying that his boss would be delighted with Senator Owen Brewster's (R, Maine) new bill giving ex-Presidents a Senate seat. Vaughan added: "After all, being in the White House is an education in itself. No matter how dumb a man is, he's bound to pick up something."

Toward Survival

THE Reverend L. L. Dunnington, pastor of a Methodist church in Iowa City, is the chairman of a committee of local businessmen, housewives, university students and ex-GI's who believe that the United Nations is the world's only hope for peace.

Because Dunnington and his com-

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mittee believe that the UN, to be effective, must be strengthened by immediate amendments to its charter, they have been bombarding state and national legislators with telegrams asking support for the resolution of Senator Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.) which would pledge all-out congressional backing for charter revision.

In a state often regarded as the heart of the so-called isolationist Middle West, the growing popularity of the world-minded committee is causing considerable surprise. Perhaps some of the group's appeal to conservative, Republican Iowa is its grim, hard-headed title—the Committee for Survival.

Death in the South

WHEN Warden H. G. Worthy and the camp guards at the Anguilla State Prison near Brunswick, Georgia, mowed down a gang of Negro prisoners who were allegedly attempting a mass escape, Glynn County police chief Russell Henderson stood by in silent amazement. After the shooting had stopped, leaving 17 dead and wounded convicts strewn about the prison yard, Henderson burst out that the gunning had been completely uncalled for.

But a special grand jury investigating the deaths of eight prisoners and the wounding of nine others came to a different conclusion last week. Despite the convicts' testimony that the warden had been drunk, the jury exonerated Worthy, accepting his explanation that the Negroes had been trying a break. Scant attention was given the prisoners' claim that they had been shot while running for protection (some were killed as they tried to crawl under the prison bunkhouse). When the jury did not ask county commissioner Sam Levine to testify, he sent an angry telegram to the NR condemning the shootings as "outright murder" (see right).

The grand jury wound up its deliberations by recommending that Georgia reinstate the leg chains and striped suits for convicts which were abolished by former Governor Ellis Arnall in 1943.

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MICHAEL STRAIGHT-NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

40 EAST 49TH ST NEW YORK NY-

FRIDAY JULY ELEVENTH TWENTY-SEVEN CONVICTS WERE CARRIED OUT ON THE HIGHWAY TO WORK. THEY WERE ORDERED TO GO IN THE DITCHES FULL OF WATER. THE CONVICTS TOLD THE GUARDS THEY WERE AFRAID OF SNAKES AND DID NOT WANT TO GO IN THE WATER. THE GUARDS CALLED THE WARDEN AND THE WARDEN WAS VERY UGLY AND USED VULGAR WORDS. THE CONVICTS GOT IN THE TRUCK AND REFUSED TO WORK. THEY WERE CARRIED BACK THAT AFTERNOON TO THE MAIN PRISON CAMP. THE WARDEN CALLED THE COUNTY POLICE CHIEF AND ASKED HIM TO BRING HELP. WHEN THE CHIEF ARRIVED HE ASKED THE PRISONERS TO OBEY THE WARDEN. AT THAT TIME NONE OF THE PRISONERS WERE ARMED OR HAD ANY WEAPONS WHATSOEVER. THE WARDEN CALLED ONE BY NAME OF WILLIE BELL AND TOLD HIM TO COME FORWARD THAT HE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM FOR STARTING THIS ROW. WILLIE BELL REFUSED TO COME OUT TO BE SHOT. THE WARDEN CALLED HIM AGAIN -"WILLIE BELL"-AND THEN THE WARDEN SHOT HIM IN THE LEG ONCE AND MISSED HIM TWICE. HE THEN ORDERED ALL OF HIS GUARDS TO "MOW THEM DOWN." THE PRISONERS TRIED TO GET COVER SOME RUNNING IN THE CELL HOUSE SOME RUNNING UNDERNEATH THE HOUSE AND IN EVERY DIRECTION AND THEY WERE SHOT DOWN AS FAST AS THEY WOULD RUN. THE WARDEN STATED THAT THEY WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE. THEY WERE ONLY TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM DEATH. IF THEY WANTED TO PLAN TO ESCAPE THEY WOULD ESCAPE WHILE THEY WERE ON THE HIGHWAY AND NOT WHILE IN THE 12 FOOT WIRE ENCLOSURE OF THE PRISON. FIVE WERE KILLED OUTRIGHT AND EIGHT WERE SENT TO THE HOSPITAL THREE OF THEM HAVE DIED AND FOUR OTHERS REMOVED BACK TO THE PRISON. ALL PRISONERS TESTIFIED THAT THE WARDEN WAS DRUNK. THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GLYNN COUNTY ORDERED AN AUTOPSY ON ALL BODIES OF DEAD PRISONERS TO DETERMINE WHAT BULLETS CAUSED THEIR DEATH. THE BULLETS THAT WERE REMOVED FROM THE DEAD BODIES WERE DOUBLE O BUCKSHOT WHICH EVERY GUARD CARRIED IN THEIR GUN. THE COUNTY POLICE CHIEF HENDERSON DID NOT FIRE A SHOT NOR ANY OF HIS POLICEMEN. HE STATED THAT IT WAS NOT NECESSARY AND UNCALLED FOR TO SHOOT. THE GRAND JURY IS NOW IN SESSION NO VERDICT YET. AS A COUNTY OFFICIAL OF GLYNN COUNTY I WILL STATE THIS IS AN OUTRAGEOUS MURDER AND THE GUARDS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THIS KILLING SHOULD BE CHARGED WITH MURDER. UP TO THIS DATE NO CHARGES HAVE BEEN MADE AGAINST THEM AND THEY ARE AT LIBERTY. I THINK THEY SHOULD BE PUT IN JAIL OR UNDER BOND UNTIL A COMPLETE INVESTIGATION IS COMPLETED. THE PRISONERS WHO ARE THE MAIN WITNESSES WERE THREATENED WITH DEATH IF THEY OPENED THEIR MOUTH IN REGARDS THIS KILLING. THE LIVES OF 70 OTHER PRISONERS WHO ARE AT THIS PRISON FARM ARE IN DANGER WITH GUARDS LIKE THEY HAVE THERE LOOSE WITH HIGH POWERED GUNS READY TO KILL WITHOUT ANY REASON-

SAM LEVINE GLYNN COUNTY COMM.

A simple story of brutality told in simple, telegraphic prose. See "Death in the South," column one.

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Henry Wallace

Keeping 60 Million Jobs

A NEW YORK newspaper, noting the Census Bureau's report that more than 60 million Americans are now employed, says that "there are many evidences of solidity in the present 'boom'." This paper and a number of others express a great satisfaction with our present relative prosperity, but warn their readers that the achievement of 60 million jobs will not satisfy Henry Wallace and his friends.

They are right. I am thoroughly delighted that we have 60 million Americans employed, but I am far from satisfied as I look toward the early fifties and the repercussions from our present inflation.

When we projected the program for 60 million jobs, the same economists and editorial writers who are rejoicing at our having reached this goal without using the program I advanced, were assuring their readers that the goal itself was fantastically visionary, utterly impossible and thoroughly demagogic.

I can see none of the "evidences of solidity in the present 'boom'." Prices are out of reach for millions of our citizens and for many of the nations with whom we should enjoy healthy trade relations. Profits have gone beyond the bounds of management's and stockholders' needs. Many billions of dollars are being stored up, out of use. The loss of dollar power abroad presents a grave threat to our still prosperous capital-goods industries.

The national income, total wages, average hourly earnings and other statistics look good, but many of our industries, including housing, soft goods, radio and many types of household equipment, are already in a depressed state. Unorganized labor and workers in unions which have not obtained the 15-cent wage increase, preachers, widows, teachers and professional people are feeling the great disparity between individual income and high prices.

The over-all figures may look good, but it should not take millions of unemployed to jar Congress into action. Those of us who have real respect for the individual can feel and measure the suffering involved even in tens or hundreds of thousands of unnecessarily unemployed. Percentage-wise, 50,000 out of work in a single industry look insignificant, but in human terms it is a major catastrophe. They are the victims of a Congress which is failing to meet its responsibilities and they are a barometer of an unstable economic situation.

We shall do well to remember that those who see a certain "solidity" in the present "boom" are those who insisted in 1929 that we could not be detoured from Prosperity Road. They are those who, when we were detoured, insisted that it was for a moment only and that we would return automatically to prosperity. They are the same observers who insisted that an unbalanced budget in the mid-thirties meant chaos; the ones who insisted 60 million jobs were impossible; those who told us only a year ago that a "free" market would do a better job than the OPA in protecting consumers.

I DON'T say that there will be a depression in 1948. The present indications of a boom may even expand. Economic prophecy is a hazardous business, but I shall stand by the prediction made in *Sixty Million Jobs,* that we shall have a major depression in the early 1950's unless we act to avert it. If inaction should breed that depression, it would give me no pleasure to have made an accurate prophecy. I have never aspired to be a successful prophet of gloom.

In my recent travels around the country I was struck forcibly by the widely differing opinions about the state of our economic health. But neither the optimists nor the pessimists, without knowledge of what Congress will do in the months ahead, could predict our economic future with accuracy. Congress will determine that future. Economic prognostications not coupled with accurate political forecasts are meaningless.

The proclamation of the Marshall plan, so eagerly grasped by Bevin and Bidault, has encouraged some of the pessimists whose major fear had been that Western Europe would run out of American dollars. But the implementation of the Marshall plan requires congressional action, and it is difficult to predict the volume of aid that a Republican-dominated Congress will give to the social democracies of Western Europe.

Those who predict US inflation on the basis that the Marshall plan will add to the purchasing power of Western Europe may have to change their opinions very suddenly. A relatively small appropriation of one

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or two billion dollars for overseas relief will not hold foreign and domestic purchasing power at levels necessary to maintain full employment.

Really to do the job in Western Europe will take an appropriation of approximately $10 billion, while an additional $25 to $35 billion would be required to take care of the Far East, Near East, Eastern Europe and Russia. Even if the present Congress appropriated $10 billion for Western Europe, there would be a very slim chance for the necessary appropriations for use elsewhere in the world.

Action by Congress to meet the world demand for dollars can give us 60 million jobs as long as the appropriations hold out. There will be no prospect of a smash-up as long as we make available billions of dollars for international trade and appropriate additional billions for our own armaments.

But the method used to stimulate international trade will have a bearing on whether we are to have, eventually, a serious crash. If we persist in a two-world philosophy, sooner or later even a Republican Congress will reach the conclusion that several billion dollars every year is a high price to pay to rebuild Germany and Japan as an expression of our hatred of Russia.

There are American businessmen and political leaders who reason that in economic warfare between the capitalist West and socialist East, the West, because of superior technical competency, will emerge the victor. This type of reasoning fails to include not only the fact that Western Europe is going socialist, but that economic warfare will be accompanied by enormous military preparations which will be taken out of the living standards of the peoples in both East and West. If we settle down to a trial of economic strength and excessive military preparedness, we can be sure that the peoples of the world will have a standard of living about one-half what they could have if we produced abundantly, without fear, for peace.

If the Marshall plan is financed by Congress on a "hate-Russia" basis, without adopting proper controls for our domestic economy, we shall have a temporary, spotty inflation, followed by a real smash when Congress gets tired of handing out dollars for unproductive purposes. In such a situation many factors would push us toward international actions leading to dangerous friction and the possibility of war.

RUSSIA and the Marxists everywhere await our economic crash. They have not wanted to buy in the US at inflated prices. They have been convinced that an American crash is "inevitable" and that the US will be easier and safer to deal with when 10 million men are out of work. Russia is really less interested at the moment in exporting "communism" than she is in importing American-made goods at uninflated prices.

Actually Russia's attitude of waiting for a postwar American depression, plus some policies of her own, have postponed that depression in many, but not all, lines. Russian policies, both real and fancied, have enabled the military to get several extra billions a year from Congress, creating a strong demand for steel and other heavy goods.

We cannot achieve the goal of full and stable employment nor maintain the present "high level of employment" on a two-world basis.

It will be less costly to present thoroughly positive programs for building One World and to have patience in winning Russian support, than to continue on our present hazardous course toward certain depression and possible war. We cannot win economic security or peace through a policy of heavy armaments and the subsidizing of reactionary governments, or by subsidies to economies that can't prosper in a divided Europe. Our present course plays into the hands of those—both Marxists and monopoly capitalists—who believe that depressions in capitalist economies are inevitable.

THE prospects for avoiding continued and increasing inflation and an eventual crash are not good. The present Congress has exhibited a shocking lack of knowledge of the basic needs of our own economy. Its actions in removing almost all economic controls, its drive to weaken the trade unions, its failure to use the report of the President's Economic Advisory Council as a basis for constructive action are evidence of a philosophy that should have disappeared from Washington when Hoover left the White House in 1933. But that philosophy has returned, and so has Hoover.

The prospects for avoiding continued inflation and an eventual crash are not good, but the *possibility* of avoiding these disasters remains.

Our first and very slim hope is that the Administration will produce a coherent plan for foreign aid coupled with proposals for necessary minimum domestic controls; and that it will insist on a special session of Congress this fall to consider and implement its proposals. The understandable fears of American businessmen about our economic future and the big question marks in the minds of the leaders of nations abroad could be allayed and answered by a clear expression of economic policy from Congress. The psychological effects of the present uncertainties about Congress are multiplying the dangers to our domestic economy and to world peace.

I do not predict widespread depression in 1948, but I do say that in late 1947 or 1948 we shall take, or fail to take, the action which will say whether a big depression in the early fifties is inevitable. H. W.

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Challenge at the Bridgehead

by Owen Lattimore

Czechoslovakia, spanning the gap between East and West, wishes she were represented at Paris but knows why she can't be

Prague (by wireless)

THE mood of Prague is something different from pessimism, very different from resignation and something even more different from wishful thinking. The Czechs are specialists in the art of survival. They not only refuse to admit that being submerged is the same thing as being drowned, but they have over and over again proved they know what they are talking about. As one elder statesman summed it up: "There are times when one must make the most careful intellectual distinction between disappointment and pessimism. In the present situation our disappointment could not be greater. Nevertheless, we are not pessimistic."

Czech disappointment does not arise from any feeling that the country has disastrously lost the chance of being saved from Russia by the West or guaranteed against Russia by the West. The Russian association is fundamental. Men who for nearly thirty years resisted the Communist way of thinking insist that the Russian alliance was horse sense when made and horse sense now and for the future. Czechoslovak disappointment is not because of the closeness of the contact with Russia but solely because of the loosening of the contact with the West, especially America.

The disappointment is not less deep for being a disappointment that affects, so to speak, only half the heart. It could not be more poignant. It affects the Communists along with the rest of the nation. Just as the non-Communists defend the horse sense of the Soviet alliance, so do the Communists accept the national conviction that Czechoslovaks, though Slavs and intending to remain Slavs, belong culturally to the non-Slavic West and not to the Slavic East.

The Communists had therefore shared in the common hope that Czechoslovakia, as a state predominately socialist in structure but containing both active Communists and prosperous capitalist enterprise, could serve as a bridge for the free traffic between the East and the West. It was undoubtedly for this reason that the Communists joined the original unanimous vote to enter the Paris Conference. It should not be assumed that in so doing they stupidly misinterpreted or failed to anticipate the Kremlin directive. Their action was an important confirmation of the wide area of common thinking between Communists and non-Communists in a country where the main drives in politics come from nationalism and patriotism.

Conversely, the unanimous vote of all non-Communist representatives to go along with the second, or "Last Time I Saw Paris" decision, also is an indication of the common ground of Czechoslovak thinking. Here, again, it is important to assess the depth of the wound to national self-respect without assuming that the Czechoslovaks go so far as to concede their honor and all else have been lost. There was at first a scattering of bitter remarks like "We are once more a protectorate," remarks recalling the searing, helpless anger of the Czechs when the Germans moved in after Munich. But these remarks did not come from the inner circle of the government or responsible leaders of any parties which form the coalition government.

Adherents of all parties except the Communists resent the unfeeling way in which the Russians exhibited their power. Adjectives used range from "inconsiderate" to "brutal." But Czech realism, while reserving the right to pick and choose in the use of adjectives, also refuses to be misled by emotion into confusing adjectives with substantives. The noun, the substantive, in the shortest possible sentence describing Czechoslovakia, is that Czechoslovakia is a bridge. Not just a metaphorical bridge in the optimistic speeches of politicians on good-will occasions, but the one bridge which must be used either in economic traffic or military invasion between the East and the West.

Convinced by history

WHEN the bridge's traffic is peaceful, the question of who controls the bridgeheads need not be emphasized. But when peaceful traffic turns into economic warfare, or even a threat of economic warfare, then the Czechoslovaks are convinced that they must have a unified defense of both bridgeheads. Since they are a small nation, a secure defense means both bridgeheads must be guaranteed by the same ally. The Czechoslovaks were not convinced of this by Russian propaganda, but by the Munich sellout and their own realism; and, incidentally, Czechoslovak realism at times makes the celebrated Russian realism look like easy-going optimism. One of the principal reasons why the Russians were not able to prevent the Munich sellout, which they dreaded as deeply as the

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Czechoslovaks, was that they did not then control the sub-Carpathian bridgehead. And one of the principal reasons why the Germans were able to invade Russia as deeply as Stalingrad and the suburbs of Moscow was that the same Munich sellout included the Bohemian bridgehead.

Therefore, say the Czechoslovaks, both bridgeheads must henceforth be held by a Russian-Czechoslovak alliance which can't be shaken even by economic warfare in time of peace.

Ill mannered diplomacy

OTHER questions can be of great importance, but they never quite reach this line of importance. Whether the Russians have good or bad manners in calling the Czechoslovaks to attention and putting them through their drills is important. The way in which the recall of the acceptance of the Paris invitation was forced allowed the West to look on and jeer. The difference to Czechoslovakia was enormous; and the Russians damaged their public relations at a moment when they could have enhanced their prestige.

It is also important to try to find out whether the West is correctly or incorrectly assessing Russian expansionism and underestimating or accurately estimating Russia's ability to carry out reconstruction at home, and at the same time trade with and subsidize her Slav satellites. It is equally important to try to find out as soon as we can whether the Russians are hitting the nail on the head or simply knocking paint off the wall in narrowing down their policy so closely to the expectations that the American economy will prove unstable and that they will be able to pay off when America fails to pay off.

But the point to which Czechoslovak realism sticks is that if in the long run there is not to be an iron curtain between two worlds, then the losses they suffer for scrupulously honoring their Russian alliance will be only temporary. If—which the Czechoslovaks are by no means willing to concede—the iron curtain is to ring down and stay down, their danger will be extreme, but the only security against

(Continued on page 32)

Grace Under Pressure

by Victor Seroff

PRAGUE.—When I was here last year, Czechoslovakia was facing her first postwar election and Russian propaganda was in high gear, functioning mostly through cultural channels. The election campaign followed closely after the first anniversary of Czechoslovakia's liberation; the Czechs, remembering how the Red Army had come to the rescue of Prague while the American army stopped short in Pilsen, 50 miles away, considered the Russians their liberators. Portraits of Stalin flanked those of Benes in most of the government offices and shop windows.

Today one seldom sees the portrait of Stalin. Red flags, too, appear only rarely and then in small numbers. During last year's election campaign the Russians arranged a month-long film festival of their motion pictures, while the Western nations did nothing. Today, as against 12 American pictures, only two Russian films are to be seen; the Czechs find most Russian pictures too filled with propaganda to be palatable.

Just as they are sober in their judgment of motion pictures, the Czechs are critical of the other arts. Last year they read piles of Russian books, pamphlets and periodicals. This year, although the material is still shipped to Prague, the Czechs are buying only the Russian classics.

As for music, the Czechs placed great importance both last year and this on the International Music Festival at Prague. Last year it took place during the election campaign and the Russians lost no opportunity of making it a vehicle for their propaganda. Four Allied nations were represented at the Festival, each having one week in which to display its national musical goods. While the Western countries sent artists in a haphazard fashion, the well organized Russians presented their country's best and, as an extra attraction, sent the Red Army Chorus.

Those who sat in packed houses through such performances could sense the influence which the resulting enthusiasm for the big Slav brother would have on the elections. However, it is characteristic of the Czechs that they soon cool off after their first wild enthusiasm. This year the Music Festival had a different character—less national and less political—and the Czechs freely voiced their criticisms of both the music and the speechmaking of Dmitri Shostakovich. Even the *Mlada Fronta,* a paper of definite communistic leanings, expressed disappointment at the composer's address before the International Congress of Musicians at Prague, saying that the paper he had read on the "Life of Musicians in the USSR" had been circulated by Soviet embassies six months earlier.

DWELL on cultural life in Czechoslovakia because cultural ties are the strongest ones—next to those created by the need for military protection against Germany—that bind the Czechs to the Russians. Like all Slavs, the Czechs speak of "the heart" and of "the soul," be it in reference to a musical or dramatic work or to literature, and the Russian themes are closer to them than ours. (One Czech, in speaking to me of Aaron Copland's symphony, which was played here at the Festival, called it the UNRRA symphony—"a great announcement, a lot of noise and very little value involved.")

Despite cultural affinities for the East, the Czechs consider themselves Westerners. They are strongly individualistic, and personal property is as sacred to them as it is to us in the United States. Therefore the Russian "big ways" are not particularly attractive to them. But then neither are some of our traits. For, contrary to our general assumption, it is not material things that count with them. Their pace of life is European. They work, but not too hard, close their shops and offices for two hours for lunch, go to the country over weekends and in the summer take long vacations, even though the average Czech earns little money. They want to live their own way, and they are the most calm and disciplined of all Slavs. I am sure that if the question were put squarely to them, "What kind of life do you prefer, American or Russian?" they would answer, "Neither—our own."

Victor Seroff is a concert pianist and biographer now writing for American magazines.

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Sisters Under the Hood

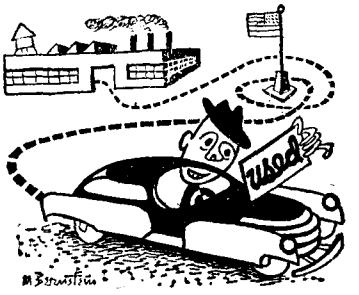
by Laurence Crooks

Face-lifting cannot hide the fact that today's new cars are twins of prewar models; postwar "dream cars" are still just dreams

FOR the past few months, sleek and shiny 1947 cars, for which millions of US customers had been waiting impatiently, have been rolling into showrooms around the country. Most models, whether in the "economy" group or the luxury class, looked low, wide and handsome. But after the eager customers got them home, they found that the '47 cars were just advanced cousins of the 1941 models, spruced up by the annual face-lifting done adroitly by the Detroit engineers.

Under the glittering new hoods of the "popularly priced" machines, the customers discovered engines basically the same as those which cost manufacturers not much over $50 in 1941, and probably have gone up some 25 percent since then. The gleaming bodies of the '47 machines were made of the same collection of raw materials used in the prewar days. In 1941 the materials for a "low-priced" car cost about $115, and now the figure has risen about 15 percent.

The '47 models were tagged at $1,200 up, and the scramble to get them boosted prices far beyond the list figures, repeating the pattern of 1946. Of course, the salaries of skilled



engineers and the wages of automobile workers have increased steeply in the last six years and the manufacturers pointed to rising labor costs as one of the main reasons for the blown-up price tags.

Everybody must admit that the 1941 cars were pretty good cars, pretty good buys for the money asked. The service they gave, the endurance of millions of old cars through the tough war years, surprised the motoring public and nearly everyone else except the overworked mechanics who had kept the old boats moving.

But the '41 cars, disguised with new radiator grilles and different lines, were not nearly such good bargains in 1946 or 1947. What happened to the engineering miracles and the glowing promises of "postwar dream cars"? The answer lies deep in the nature of the motorcar industry, an institution which has changed the whole face and mores of the nation in the last 40 years and yet is a mystery to nine-tenths of the population.

The motorcar is a sheet-steel and cast-iron wonder which caters with such precision to the desire for conspicuous display that Thorstein Veblen might have invented it. It carries in its heart the Veblenian contrast between what engineers can do and what management thinks will sell. It is covered with pseudo-artistic details and decorations which take money that might have been spent to double the life of the transmission or the clutch. This coveted product sells, when new, in a still competitive market, and the retailer's profit is 20 to 25 percent.

When the US entered World War II in 1941, the nation possessed some 29 million passenger cars which were then five years old, on the average. Their age was viewed without alarm by the six drivers out of 10 who had never owned a new car anyway.

Four years later, what was left? There were four million fewer cars on the registration books. Car bodies had rusted out from inside and below; chrome strips were lost or dangling; the bodies looked ragged from lack of replacement fenders. Their engines were pumping oil and the cars wabbled in the joints. Their owners were sick of paying for patchwork repairs and tired of staring at the same old instrument panels. They wanted new cars and they had, or expected to have, the money to pay for them.

Rumors teased the public

DURING the war, rumors and hints about postwar cars had flooded the press. Cars were to embody the wartime engineering miracles which had been wrought strictly on a cost-plus basis; engines would move to the rear, sink under the floor, would shrink, turn into turbines, pumps, jets, and finally release atomic power. They would be air-cooled, liquid-cooled, burn 100-octane gas, convert into Diesels, burn water or alcohol. The bodies would be of plastic, aluminum or other fancy (but low-strength) materials. Airbrush artists produced pictures of beetle cars, with no access to tires or the driver's seat and no shelter from the sun. Cars would be cheaper, too; people said Kaiser was going to make one for $400. (He made one, all right, but the price tag read $1,848.)

Laurence Crooks, Consumers' Union consultant on automobiles, is co-author, with Dewey Palmer, of Millions on Wheels, *a book on how to buy, drive and save money on cars. A member of the Society of Automotive Engineers, Crooks has driven a total of some 500,000 miles since 1904.*

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The auto engineers emerged from the shadow of management and talked a little about postwar cars—the ones that haven't yet appeared. Strangely enough, they wanted to construct these cars of steel, cast iron and plate glass, which are very cheap, workable materials. They said, "Why have fenders?" They said, "Let's absorb all projections into the body and provide sleeker, roomier, more economical cars." "The so-called artistic touch is likely to add violently to the cost of the car," they went on, and they asserted that "things left off a car never give trouble."

The general bedlam prevailing in the industry during 1946 and the comparative trickle of cars (two million instead of the planned-for four million) were caused by strikes, basic and spot shortages of materials, perhaps most of all by the nature of the auto-production process, which is terribly vulnerable to interruptions. About two-thirds of a car comes into the assembly plant from outside suppliers. Normally, for economic reasons, there is the slenderest possible "bank" of component parts to draw on. If items do not arrive in time to flow into the assembly lines, the whole shooting match stops, unless the cars will run without the missing parts.

The buyers went wild

WITH resumption of production, the appearance of new cars touched off the world's most ravenous sellers' market. "I don't mind their looking," one dealer-magazine cartoon put it, "but I wish they'd stop licking the windows." Dealers set up lists and special bank accounts for deposits on new cars, then stopped taking orders altogether. They spent all day at telephones explaining why no cars were available, were whined at and even threatened by car-hungry patrons. And they made money. "The average automobile dealer," said *Motor* over the editor's by-line, "netted more profit in the first four months of 1947 than in any full year of prewar operation. Earnings in 1946 were 'out of this world'." The new cars began making money for their buyers, too.

People put in an order or orders (one individual purchased so many cars he went into the "used-car" business himself) and eventually got a car or cars usually loaded with expensive accessories on which the dealer's profit margin was higher than on the car itself. If it was a lowly Chevrolet, it may have cost $1,500. The customer drove it a few miles, thus making it into a used car, and then sold it to a used-car dealer for, say, $1,700. The dealer merchandised it with two words, "immediate delivery," for $2,000. Multiplied, this sort of transaction was becoming a national scandal by midsummer.

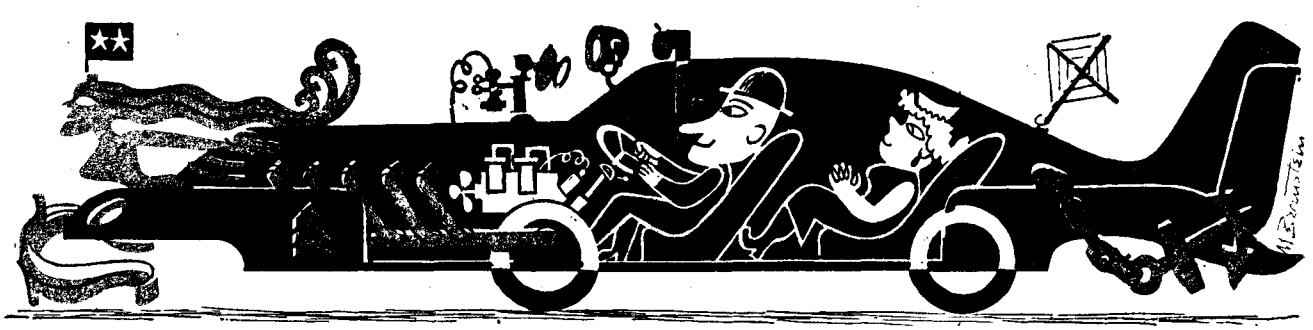
The Automobile Manufacturers' Association took a look at dealers' books and acquitted the dealers of anything worse than not being sufficiently choosy as to who got the cars. (Some dealer-factory contracts contain provisions against sales at higher than nationally advertised prices.) But the AMA did not investigate "stealing" customers' used cars—allowing $100, say, for a car that was wholesaled the next morning for $350.

Late-model used cars (even 1940-41 models) are still selling close to their original cost. The average used car is now nearly nine years old, can still bring $350 to $450 and will provide the repair shops with plenty of income from now on. If you are in the market for one, hope to get (1) an engine that doesn't need new piston rings and reboring, costing around $100, (2) a clutch with some still expendable holding power before a rebuilding job is needed at $40 to $50, and (3) a front suspension still able to hold the front wheels more or less parallel and aim them accurately at holes in traffic—rebushing and realigning costing, as it may, from $18 to $65, not including the replacement of rubber chewed off the tires.

What's new?

IN 1947, several newly designed cars appeared. Kaiser Special and Frazer—the most widely publicized newcomers—were fundamentally similar. Willys got into production on a station wagon using the famous jeep engine. And Studebaker, with very fast foot and headwork, produced the first completely redesigned postwar car.

Willys' chief departure from the past was a steel station-wagon body that wouldn't rot away with the years. (Chevrolet's answer was to start mass-producing station-wagon bodies from pieces of wood.) Kaiser's contributions to the car of the future were two: no fenders as such, and, like Studebaker, a rear seat forward of the wheels and wheel housings, where the seat can be only a foot—instead of the conventional two feet—narrower than the car itself. To this Studebaker added two other probably prophetic changes: greatly increased driver vision (which had been getting worse on most cars since 1939); and a redistribution of weight toward the front



THE DREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE OF DETROIT ENGINEERS

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of the car, resulting in a remarkably comfortable ride.

One of the most striking changes in 1948 will be the abandonment by Ford of the crosswise springing used since 1909. The Ford body will be wide and low. Hudson also is committed to a new car. Packard has already announced one—wide and low, with 145 horsepower. Chrysler has ordered new roof dies. Plymouth may have a fluid clutch, like the present Dodge. Changes heralded so far appear to follow the pattern laid down by Studebaker: better driver vision and wider, relocated seats; larger brakes, smaller wheels, better stability; more automatic shifting transmissions, probably as extras. Studebaker, Plymouth, Chevrolet and Pontiac are probably farthest from a buyers' market and hence have few reasons for thoroughgoing changes.

Perhaps you have been saving your car money for a 1948 model, hoping that the '48 models will be better and cheaper. The chances are that '48 prices will be about the same as the prices in 1947. To many people, as pointed out by Leonard Westrate, economist for *Automotive Industries*, the price rise has been catastrophic. Families with incomes under $3,000 bought, in 1941, 65 percent of the low-priced cars. Today these cars would cost this same group half a year's income, or a minimum instalment payment of from $75 to $100 a month for 15 months. At present, tentative figures show 70 percent of all cars going to the over-$3,000-income families.

Qualms in Detroit

REPORTERS say there is uneasiness in Detroit front offices concerning the future. The high prices, the failure to bring out lighter and cheaper Ford and Chevrolet-sponsored cars as promised, the dearth of acceptable used cars have pushed the industry further into the corner which it had made for itself even before the war.

In the 1920's, gloomy economists talked about the saturation point of the new-car market. They were laughed out of existence by 1928. But in that year a Chevrolet cost $695 FOB Detroit. Now Chevrolet is about $1,200 and the laughter sounds a little hollow. Now, too, there is more to it than merely getting the price down.

Over the years, low-priced cars have been stepped up in size, horsepower, performance and luxury gadgets, as well as in price. Nothing short of a violently depressed standard of living will make buyers forsake the style to which the auto industry has accustomed them and turn back to puddle jumpers. And nothing short of revolutionary engineering and production methods will ever produce a luxury liner for $675 wholesale. That figure (a wholesale price, remember, not retail) is higher than the *average* wholesale price of *all cars produced* yearly from 1922 to 1940, except in 1926 and 1927. The corresponding figure for 1946 was approximately $965, and it may go to more than $1,000 for 1947.

The Detroit manufacturers at least know their danger. One executive spoke for many when he said, "We didn't get where we are by building cars to sell for $1,000." But Detroit has neither the inclination nor the time to meet the dangers by producing a revolutionary car or cars. The motor kings will probably get prices down a little, hang on until the used-car market fills up, then use all the techniques now still on the horizon to build bigger and better "low-priced" cars—for those who can afford them.

Buying the 1947 Cars

IF you are thinking of buying a car this year, you will do best to pick the lowest-priced car or its nearest equivalent. If you invest in a large, expensive car (and most people do tend to overbuy), you will find it already out of date and you will still be amortizing it several years from now.

If you are a reasonably average car user, the lowest-priced cars will take care of 85 percent of your needs comfortably enough, and they cost least per mile to own. Among these cars, Chevrolet is the all-around best buy, with the Studebaker Champion and Plymouth close behind.

Just above the "all three" price class (Ford-Chevrolet-Plymouth) are the Dodge, Pontiac and Oldsmobile. The latter two use the Chevrolet body shell. If this Chevrolet body is roomy enough to suit you, the Pontiac—either six or eight-cylinder—is a good buy. Larger tires should be fitted on the Pontiac, however. A senior Pontiac—the Streamliner 8—dominates the next-higher-price group. It uses the same body shell as Buick 40 and is a better buy than either the Buick 40 or 50 series. Between these low and high-priced Buick models is another group of cars, in which the best buy is probably the Chrysler 6, with the Studebaker Commander runner-up.

The remaining, still higher-priced, cars are large, powerful and expensive to own or operate. The best buys are Packard 120 and Cadillac model 61—provided the latter will go into your garage. Kaiser and Frazer are both in this group; though not bad cars, they are priced too high for consideration against the cars named, or veterans like the Buick 70 or the Chrysler Saratoga.

By fairly simple criteria, not a single one of these cars (or others not named) is anywhere near ideal. You need not be an expert to compare the behavior of various chassis over roads you know, and you can easily judge a body by its seating comfort and how well the driver can see where he is going. You will find that each car reflects the engineering philosophy of the men who make it, together with their prejudices. That is why Lincoln, for instance, has comfortably high seats and a big windshield, and Buick 50 low seats and a narrow windshield, why the Studebaker Champion has the lowest, shortest and narrowest silhouette on the road, while Nash 600 (same engine size, same wheelbase) is high and medium-wide.

These matters are not merely academic; a certain vigilance behooves you. You will, in 50,000 miles, sit behind the wheel for 2,000 hours, pay out for gas an amount almost equal to the car's original cost, park the car 1,000 times, and you may, according to how the manufacturer felt about roadability, survive or perish on some rough and slippery curve.

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Revolt in the Driver's Seat

by James Higgins

800,000 organized teamsters are pressuring their leaders for more democracy in their union and more political action by it

This is the second of a two-part series on the Teamsters' Union.

IN September, 1946, when 12,000 teamsters of Local 807, New York, won a 17-day strike, they won more than a wage increase. Down deep under a layer of technicalities and economics, a membership had been revolting in the name of union democracy against autocratic rule by union officials. And beneath that were the elements of an even more critical struggle—the struggle against the racketeering which off and on has plagued the Teamsters' Union for 45 years.

When 807's officials took to the platform during the strike to sell phony contract offers from the employers' association, the membership howled them down with cries of "Sell-out!"

Maybe so. No one could really prove the charge. But when the members of a local lose control over their officials, union and contract, a sellout is the next step. And though a sellout mostly concerns the men who work, the step after that concerns everyone. For the sellout is the first small on-stage noise announcing the arrival of an ultimate racket. That's the way it comes, as it has come before in various Teamster locals, until finally corrupt employers, crooked union officials, grafting politicians and criminals of every type divvy up the worker's take.

In 1934, one of the most blatant of the Teamster rackets made headlines when "Tootsie" Herbert of Local 202 in New York and three other union officials were convicted of malpractice in the trucking of poultry and produce. When "Tootsie" returned from jail, the rank and file of his local repudiated him, but his own "boys" presented him with a $4,000 car.

Since those days, Teamster rackets have been more a matter of newspaper sensation than fact. Recently, however, officials of Local 929, which operates in Philadelphia's Dock Street produce market, admitted to an "understanding" with employers that obliges the local to police the market for trade violations. Even more alarming has been the testimony that the local's secretary-treasurer negotiated a contract at times all by his lonesome, and that over a typical six-month period only two casual membership meetings were held. The secretary-treasurer claimed he acted always in the members' interest. It was simple negligence that made him forget to ask the members for their "yes" or "no."

The critical question in Teamster racketeering is a simple one: 'How can rackets be wiped out?" The answer is equally simple: "No real racket can possibly exist where an informed rank and file control the union." In 1934, Congress aimed the federal anti-racketeering law directly at the Teamsters. Later, the Hobbs amendment to the Act was aimed straight at New York Local 807. At that point, Teamster president Dan Tobin correctly said that Congress was out after the union, not the racketeers. Yet Dan apparently never considered enlisting the rank and file in his two-front war against both the local rackets and the congressmen who used them as an excuse for anti-labor legislation. For, in 1946, when members of 807 were struggling to institute the kind of local democracy that makes racketeering impossible, Dan gave them the back of his hand. He denied strike benefits. He ordered other locals striking in sympathy to get back to work. He urged 807's officials to put an end to the nonsense and take hold of the men.

But the men went ahead and did what neither Dan nor legislation has been able to do. Queering the sellout, they queered also the autocratic procedure which breeds rackets. They did it without fouling their union constitution. Not once did Local 807's membership refuse to *recognize* its officials. What the membership wanted —and what it got—was recognition of the rank and file by the officials. The same union officials who were opposed by the revolt are now in line with the membership and, under membership scrutiny, are doing their job.

Skulduggery in Jersey

IF Dan Tobin wants proof that union democracy and rackets cannot live together, he might ponder other developments around 807. Some em-

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THE TEAMSTERS' TOBIN

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STRIKING MEMBERS OF THE TEAMSTERS' TOUGH LOCAL 807 REACT TO A

ployers, secretly encouraged by Teamster bosses outside the local, have "run away" from the 1946 contract won by the rank and file and have set up shop across the Hudson River in New Jersey. There, they rent cubicles, label them "Main Office," and write contracts with Jersey locals. Jersey goons at Hudson tunnel and ferry exits have been telling Local 807 drivers to transfer to Hoboken Local 560. Branches of Local 560 have wage scales some $12 a week lower than 807's scale, and the local has not held a bona-fide election in 20 years; Local 560's boss, John Conlin, an International vice-president, has long maintained pleasant relations with "King Joe" Ryan's longshore henchmen and with the recently overthrown Hoboken political machine headed by former Mayor Barney McFeely.

All that isn't news to Dan Tobin. And yet he participated in an International Executive Board decision in June, awarding jurisdiction over more than 200 of 807's men to Local 560. Local 807 will appeal the decision at the Teamsters' San Francisco convention the week of August 11. Between now and then, Tobin, who sincerely hates racketeering, has time to wake up to the fact that here is not merely a technical question of jurisdiction but a basic struggle between two Teamster forces—one representing the democratic, anti-racket rank and file; the other, sellout local union bosses.

For every 300 members, a Teamsters' Union local sends one delegate to convention. The tradition of authority is strong in the Teamsters, and officials of 1,000 locals and 54 Joint Councils (organized in all cities with three or more locals) have almost always been automatically selected as delegates. In convention assembled, delegates elect the general president, general secretary-treasurer and nine vice-presidents who compose the Teamsters' Executive Board. President and secretary-treasurer have five-year jobs. Vice-presidents who do not hold local office become International organizers.

Most vice-presidents are well past the age at which private corporations

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RANK-AND-FILE SPEAKER WHO DEFINES A MANAGEMENT OFFER AS PHONY

would have pensioned them off. But two vigorous exceptions are Ed Crumbock of Philadelphia, a major influence in the new Atlantic Coast Conference of Teamsters, and Seattle's business-minded Dave Beck, organizer and director of the far-flung Western Conference, which reaches South to the Mexican border and East to Denver. These conferences are regional consolidations of Teamster locals, and as such will be officially wedged by the coming convention between Joint Councils and the International Executive Board in the union's levels of command. Unofficially, they may serve as observation posts for Teamster leaders sighting on the position of 71-year-old Dan Tobin.

Beck, however, the leader most often mentioned as the crown prince of the Teamsters, is holding his fire in 1947. "I don't run," he says, "until Tobin nominates me." Which makes it clear that after the convention old Dan will once again be leading the union he has led since the convention of 1907.

IRELAND-BORN, Boston-raised Dan Tobin is a stocky, bouncy bantam of a man with soft white hair parted sternly down the center. His official expression is one of challenge and hauteur—not unlike that of a rank-and-file teamster. Indeed, if Dan replaced his tweed suit with dungarees, removed his Stetson and tugged a cap down over his forehead, he would seem quite natural on the seat of one of those dumpcarts, clattering over Boston cobblestones, on which he broke in as a lad, before he took his first union job at $21 a week.

Tobin's attitude now is that of one who has put manual toil behind him and who, blessed by fortune, has scaled the heights in company with his organization. When I went to talk with him he said benignly: "Of course I'll answer your questions, young man. Why, but for the grace of God, I myself might have had to eke out a living asking questions and writing down the answers."

Thanks to a fine constitution, Tobin after a half-century of experience

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what the CIO's Harry Bridges calls "a bloody young cock's game," is still in ruddy good health. But thanks are also due the Teamsters' constitution, which permits him to rest here or abroad, with wife and secretary, all expenses paid. This is a personal tribute. It drops out of the constitution the day Dan drops out of office. He is further provided by the constitution with a living wage. "I'm the highest-paid labor leader in the land," he says flatly. "Thirty thousand dollars a year. And my boys, all in all, are the highest paid workers."

Doped by lies

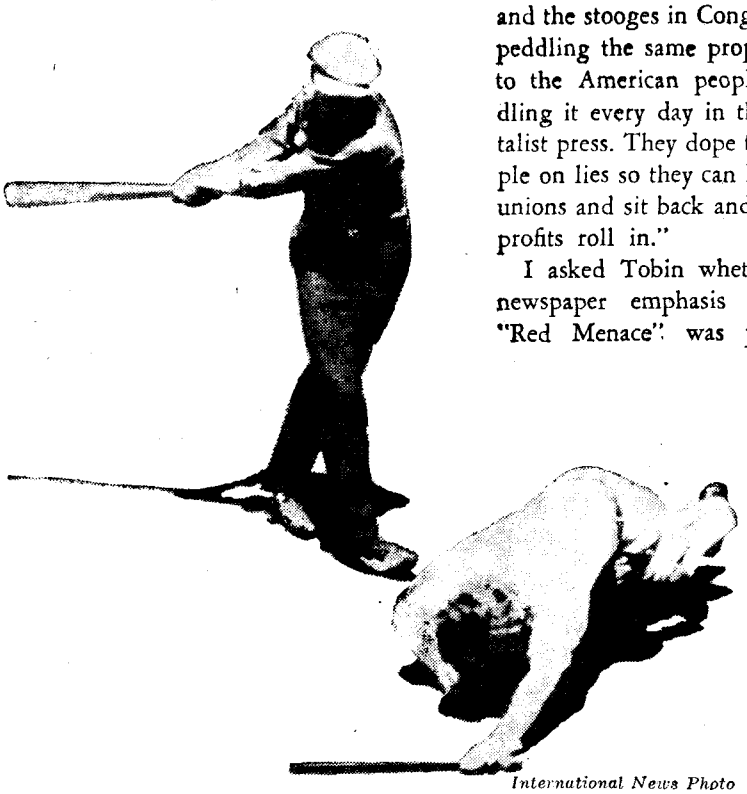
IN 1942 the Executive Board offered Dan another tribute—a $45,000 home in Florida, complete with furnishings, ground-keepers and servants. Dan at once wrote the board that a "cruel and unjust interpretation would be placed on my acceptance. The general president has a small home in Indianapolis, worth about $7,000, where he lives and where he is happy in the city of our International headquarters, without any servants." At length he agreed to use the residence during executive-board meetings in Miami. As a working union official Tobin knows he's fair game for those who like to live well but don't feel union members or their officials have the same right. So Dan watches his step and his expenses and keeps on the job.

The day I talked with him at Teamster branch headquarters in Washington he was hot under the collar about the Taft-Hartley bill and wasted no time telling me that "the employers of the United States are doing exactly what the employers of Germany did when they financed Hitler to smash the free German labor movement.

"The National Association of Manufacturers and its big corporations wrote the Taft-Hartley bill," said Tobin. "When Phil Murray called it the first step toward fascism here, he was dead right."

I mentioned that congressmen who voted for the bill had laughed at Murray's statement. "Sure those birds laugh," said Tobin. "They don't know the first lesson in fascism—that it starts out by shackling labor. They don't know the second lesson either—that after labor goes down, no one has a chance. Look what Hitler did to the German people after he sold 'em the idea labor had to be curbed. The NAM and the stooges in Congress are peddling the same propaganda to the American people, peddling it every day in the capitalist press. They dope the people on lies so they can bust the unions and sit back and let the profits roll in."

I asked Tobin whether the newspaper emphasis on the "Red Menace" was part of such propaganda. " 'Red Menace'?" he began. "Young man, you listen to what I say. Back in 1918 the Russian people fought for the type of government they have now, and if I'd been there I'd have fought alongside them. I met Lenin. My heart and soul went out to those revolutionists in their struggle against the Romanovs—who ground 'em down the way capitalists have ground down American workers. Don't tell me about that! I came out of serfdom myself, and so did every member of my union. . . . Now you listen. I oppose Russia if she takes it upon herself to tell us to change our form of government. We don't need advice. If our government wants changing, we'll do it. You hear me? We'll do it. Let Stalin issue a statement that Russia supports not just Communists in American unions but the broad struggle of the entire movement against employers who are out to enslave us. And you know why he should do that? Because our unions are fighting on home ground the big shots who hate Russia. That's right. The ones who hate us, hate Russia too. Let Joe Stalin open his eyes."



International News Photo

DEATH STRIKES DURING A TEAMSTER STRIKE

Advice to the "Worker"

AT that point I said that I wanted to hear his opinion not so much of Russia but of Communists in the American labor movement. There were Communists in unions, weren't there? "You know as well as I do there are," Tobin said sharply. "I just said so. Communists and so-called Communists."

But, I asked, what about Communists in American unions? Were they a problem? "They're a problem, yes," said Tobin. "They've created uproar and tumult at some of my meetings. They do that and it gets around they're under orders from Moscow. Which is nonsense. They aren't. More than that, they don't even know their own philosophy. If they did, they'd behave. Now I told you what Stalin should say. Here's what William Foster should say to American Communists in his *Daily Worker*: Cut out the blow-up tactics and work in harmony with progressive officers of national and international unions. If you're

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UNION DRIVERS HANDLE A TRUCK THEIR OWN WAY DURING A STRIKE

thinking of asking if that means me, it does, sir."

Church v. union

TOBIN has been 71 years a Catholic and 40 years president of a trade union. In Catholic circles, he outranks other practising labor leaders such as Philip Murray, James Carey, Albert Fitzgerald of the CIO and Longshoreman Joe Ryan of the AFL. I asked Tobin what he thought of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, an organization which invites members from all unions to join in union-related activities supervised by local priests.

"Opposed to it!" he roared. "Unequivocally opposed! I was born and raised a Catholic. I've tried to live by my religion and bring up my six children in the Faith. But a labor movement divided along religious lines cannot survive. We've got history to go by. It was the Catholic unions in Germany which split that mighty German workers' movement and made things easy for Hitler with the bosses' money in his jeans. I'm not going to let misguided people of my own faith do that here—not when we face the attack we're facing today."

Did Tobin believe, I asked, that the attack could better be met by a united AFL and CIO? "Certainly," he said. "No question about the need for unity. The Teamsters are for it. But before we get unity we've got to have a tremendous pressure from the multitudes of the rank and file of all labor—pressure that will force the inflated obstructionists to give way. And, by Jove, then we can proceed in 1948 to give a licking to those politicians who have tried to destroy us. We did our job in economic collective bargaining. We organized and won ourselves a decent living. Now we've got to do some political collective bargaining—since the employers want it that way."

On the morning of August 11, when defiant Dan Tobin rises and takes his stance before the convention and begins a sonorous report on the state and prospects of the Teamsters' Union, he'll have no worrying mind about his own reëlection. Dan's due for a unanimous vote later in the week.

But his mind will be worrying all the same, and his words to the 3,000 delegates will be worried words. They'll deal, in the guts of his speech, with the problem that today faces the Teamsters as it faces all unions—the problem of survival.

"Frank Roosevelt's dead and gone," says Tobin. "And the 'economic royalists' are taking over the country."

Dan's memory of FDR rests on long personal and political friendship. In 1932, 1936, 1940 and 1944, Tobin headed the labor division of the National Democratic Campaign Committee. At the 1940 Teamster convention, Roosevelt delivered a major campaign address, and four years later he honored Tobin and the Teamsters by opening the 1944 campaign in the presence of a special union meeting at Washington's Statler Hotel. The Teamsters were FDR men. Like Tobin, they grieve that their champion is dead and gone. They'll be waiting to hear from Dan on August 11 how the union rights which they developed under Roosevelt can be saved from going after him to the grave.

Obedience to the majority

THE Teamsters know that their union rights can now be protected only in the arena of politics. What they may not realize is that the political fight that faces them in 1948 depends to a great extent on the struggle of the rank and file to control the destinies of 1,000 Teamster locals. If this rank and file can command respect and obedience from Teamster officials, the union will move into the battle of 1948 offering a solid, democratic front.

With the membership sitting in the driver's seat, the Teamsters' Union, 800,000 strong, can roll in the vanguard of American labor in a year of tremendous political decision.

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Books in Review

Good News from England

THE PENGUIN NEW WRITING No. 30, edited by John Lehmann (Penguin Books; one shilling).

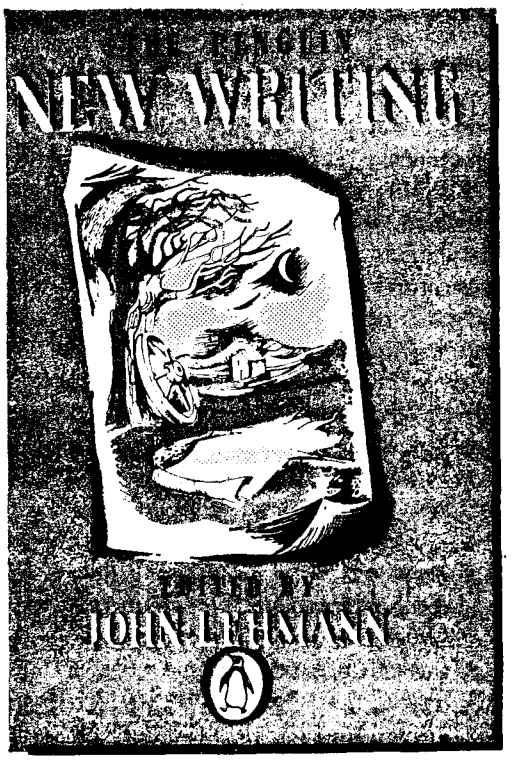
THE latest number of this fine British editorial enterprise, now available in this country, is in the best tradition of its predecessors in the series, which means, for those coming upon it for the first time, that it is a fresh and stimulating collection of new work in the fields of fiction, poetry and criticism. John Lehmann, who has been editing *Penguin New Writing* since the lively London autumn of 1940, calls the quarterly he established a series of books rather than a magazine, and he has gathered together for it many of the most striking talents among the younger English writers. In view of the infinitesimal circulation of America's best and most earnest "little" magazines, *New Writing's* circulation of 80,000 seems a tribute to both the publication and the British reading public.

The most interesting item in the current number is new only in the sense that it is published here for the first time. It is an unfinished novel called *Across the Border,* which Graham Greene started to write, he thinks, in 1937, and then unfortunately was sidetracked. What amounts to only about 30 printed pages had been completed before the author put it aside, chiefly because he felt compelled to get ahead with *Brighton Rock*. Now, as he points out in a note, he is sure that he cannot go back to it, in part because he realized he used what was approximately the same leading character in another of his novels, *England Made Me,* and also because he cannot remember what was to happen to the three leading figures of the uncompleted work. It seems a pity, because there is every sign in the brief fragment of *Across the Border* that it would have been one of his best novels.

It is frequently and understandably complained that Graham Greene, who is assuredly one of the most richly gifted of current English novelists, has a way of wasting his time on thrillers, or, as he calls them, "entertainments." Certainly the spy tales and adventure novels he writes do not present the challenge to his skill that weightier themes might provide. *Across the Border* is once more a Graham Greene story cast in the form of a yarn of adventure amid exotic climes, this time telling of a dubious gold-hunting expedition into the wilds of West Africa, but even in its fragmentary state it is clearly no more a run-of-the-mill thriller than was Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Greene, in his introductory note, says that "the book seems to me stamped unmistakably with the atmosphere of the middle thirties—Hitler is still quite new, dictatorship is only a tang on the breeze blowing from Europe; in England is depression and a kind of metroland culture." In 30 pages there is enough of the story to make it clear that, among other things, the novel was using the mood of melodrama to capture something of the spirit of the growth of fascism in the world and of the bored British obliviousness to it.

What there is of *Across the Border* suggests with some eloquence that, understandable as the charge may be that Greene is wasting his talent on melodrama, there is essentially little to the complaint. Use of less highly colored subject matter might put an exceptionally interesting writer to a more rigid test, but there are few authors who can take the lurid material of spy tales and gunmen in pursuit of their prey and make it reflect the uneasy, tortured spirit of a time of bewilderment and confusion with such psychological accuracy and dramatic power. Melodrama is one of the most characteristic manifestations of our era, as the whole Gothic rise and fall of the melodramatically villainous Hitler hierarchy demonstrated, and the novelist who can use it for the purposes of truth and insight, rather than mere excitement, is to be cherished instead of rebuked. The pity is that Greene dropped so promising a work to write the inferior *Brighton Rock,* not that he continues to be interested in the melodramatic contemplation of man's fate.

THE longest story in the current *New Writing* is "Above the Snow-Line," by Tom Hopkinson, whose novel, *Mist in the Tagus,* was critically admired when it was published in this



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country recently. In John Farrelly's review of the novel in the *New Republic* of June 9, he reported that it was the story of an English girl who "leaves her job for two weeks and goes alone to a Portuguese fishing village" where romance seems to have been all ready to engulf her. He added that the author's skill is "of a delightful but subtle order." From this it appears that Hopkinson has a particular concern for the British on their foreign holidays, since "Above the Snow-Line" deals with an Englishman who leaves his job and goes alone to Switzerland for the skiing, where he finds romance ready for him. Again the author's talents prove to be of a skillful and rather subtle nature, and his somewhat bleak little narrative of an ill fated love affair is managed with considerable artfulness.

There are two stories of youth in the collection, both of them interesting and one possessing a genuinely haunting charm. It is called "Monsieur Felix," the work of J. Maclaren-Ross, and it is merely the memoir of an English boy in Marseilles who is entranced by the artistry of a rather terrifying puppet-master and later learns of the great man's death. In the quietest tones, it evokes the atmosphere of the waterfront, the back streets and alleys of Marseilles and the unparalleled wonders of the puppet show, and manages it with a delightful combination of boyish heartiness and not-too-sentimental nostalgia. A. C. Wann's "Growing Up in Chad Street" is less striking, but its tale of a boy's pleasant memories of a kindly neighbor who turned out to be a woman of less than questionable virtue has an engaging quality about it. There is a department called "The Living Moment," in which war reminiscences are recaptured in imaginative fashion, and the three included in the present issue —"The Valley," by Stuart Hood, "The Search," by Rollo Woolley, and "Snow," by Sacha Carnegie—are so quietly and sensitively observed that one is tempted to speak of the promise of this trio of soldier-writers, until it is noted that Rollo Woolley was killed while serving with the RAF in December, 1942.

In the field of criticism, there is an admirably vigorous essay by the able V. S. Pritchett, which contemplates with relief the passing from current fiction of the urbane, cynically sentimental, detached, non-political man of the world, especially as he used to be celebrated by Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood. Pritchett is at his best when he goes to work on the synthetic Hollywood mysticism of the school of Huxley and Gerald Heard. He is eloquently bitter when he denounces the expatriate mystics for their gospel of non-participation in the social and political problems of mankind, and he is virtually apocalyptic as he turns on them in the end:

> They have professed or investigated non-attachment and they have had to get out of Europe to do so. It has been necessary to have no roots. In Europe attachment has been forced upon us. There was no choice between innocence and experience. That chair on the terrace where the man of the world used to sit was blown sky-high with the café itself, the pavement recalls the blood smeared there and the windows of the houses that remain have lost their innocence. There is nowhere for the man of the world to sit, even if he were still alive. But he is detached no longer. He is dead and attached to his date and pedestal in the square, with eyes closed, a spectator no longer—indeed he is the museum piece.

In another critical essay, John Lehmann, the editor, discusses the modern search for myths and symbols with vigor and persuasion, although in the course of the discussion he is strangely unfair to Jean-Paul Sartre. He accuses the French Existentialist novelist and playwright of "a denial of human responsibility," a charge which was certainly not borne out by the two Sartre dramas seen in New York last season. There could hardly be a more heroic advocate of human responsibility than the Orestes of "The Flies," who defied Zeus himself in defense of man's freedom, while "No Exit" showed a hell peopled by those whose sin it was that they had denied human responsibility. Looking for something to be sour about, I might report that the unsigned film criticism is not very interesting, but, instead, there should be a word about the excellence of the verse, particularly concerning the charm of the translation of three poems from the Irish of Donagh MacDonagh. This *Penguin New Writing* is an encouraging sign of current English intellectual ferment.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Between the Devil

HUMAN DESTINY, by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans, Green; $3.50).

THIS is an unfortunate book, as unfortunate as its title is pretentious. By "unfortunate" I refer not only to the content but to its contribution to the movement of reaction and anti-reason that is becoming bolder and richer in prestige. It is sad to have to relate that du Noüy's tract, breathlessly described by the publishers as a "scientific work . . . which marks a new epoch in human thought," is selling at such a pace as to be nuzzling Liebman's *Peace of Mind* on the best-seller lists and to have left far behind Miss MacDonald's work about herself and the egg. Now it is being distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club as a special selection.

The panoramic sweep of *Human Destiny* may be judged from the range of its index: the first entry is "Absolute Good and Evil," the last "Wyoming." So far as I understand the items between, I shall attempt to give the thrust of the argument.

"The purpose of this book is to examine critically the scientific capital accumulated by man, and to derive therefrom logical and rational consequences. We shall see that these consequences lead inevitably to the idea of God."

All scientific laws rest on chance, "on the hypothesis of an absolute disorder at the base." Through the calculus of probabilities, it is demonstrable mathematically that the origin of life on this planet cannot be laid to pure chance. "The probability that even a single elementary molecule of the kind found in living organisms could have been thrown together by the random motion of more elemen-

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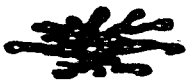
tary particles is "practically nil." The earth is two billion years old; life appeared only a billion years ago; but the time which must elapse before such an occurrence has an even chance of happening, assuming it is pure accident, is a span of years described by the figure one followed by 243 zeros.



Apart from this mystery, there are paradoxes in the processes of evolution. For inorganic matter, these processes follow understandable, statistical physical laws, notably the second law of thermodynamics—the famous principle of entropy. Entropy is the general trend of the universe toward death and disorder; the tendency of the machine to run down, of energy (heat, for example) to become more evenly distributed. (In Schroedinger's *What Is Life?* there is a clear analogy which draws on the example of well ordered books in a library. If the books are pulled from the shelves by readers and are then replaced any which way, at random—a natural human habit—all order soon disappears and the library approaches a state of maximum disorder, *i.e.,* maximum entropy.)

BUT biological evolution does not obey the second law of thermodynamics. In organic life there is a steady advance toward greater complexity, toward a higher degree of order. "Human science has failed so far in its attempt to link these two evolutions together."

Another apparent inadequacy of scientific theory relates to "the sudden advent of conscience in the human mind." This is inexplicable on the basis of a strictly materialistic or mechanistic interpretation of natural phenomena.

From these facts, says du Noüy, two conclusions are forced upon us. First, since pure materialism fails to afford a complete, rational explanation of the origin of life, of the mechanics of biology, of the processes of organic evolution, anyone adhering to such materialistic beliefs "is no longer qualified to claim strict rational thinking and scientific facts as the basic foundation of his creed." Second, "evolution is comprehensible only if we admit that it is dominated by a finality, a precise and distant goal." This leads directly to the notion of "an Idea, a Will, a supreme Intelligence," to acceptance of the Christian virtues, to the idea of God. If this should require swallowing a greater mystery so as to force down and not choke on a lesser one, it is justified because this group of concepts "satisfies our need to comprehend" and "opens the door to hope."

Having embraced this faith, man becomes at once aware that the measure of his dignity is the extent to which he "fights against his instincts," "leads away from the animal" and becomes an active participant in his own evolution toward increasing "spirituality."

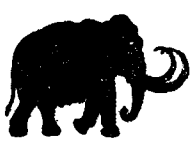
THE argument itself, to be sure, does not adhere entirely to the canons of reason; even du Noüy, who modestly admits that his conclusions "are identical with those expressed in the second chapter of Genesis," does not so contend. There are interludes which conform to the syllogism; then, without warning, the reader is exhorted to embrace the True Faith on the ground that rational thinking, having demonstrated its own inadequacy, must be abandoned for a kind of Higher Irrationality. It is melancholy to encounter once more the hackneyed appeal for religious reawakening on the basis that science is a failure, instead of a frank and unashamed avowal of religious faith. I will not complain too vehemently of du Noüy's extraordinary interpretations of scientific facts and theories, of his sometimes naïve, sometimes grandiose, anthropomorphism, of his often misleading and seductive analogies. But it is unsettling—not to say, by du Noüy's own standards, blasphemous—to learn that the existence of God depends on the failure of the law of entropy.

But while the first part of the book is relatively harmless, once du Noüy has satisfied himself that his thesis is proved, he proceeds to draw conclusions which are, to speak softly, shocking. I offer a sample of these views because no paraphrase of mine could possibly do them justice.

On the "Masses" (a favorite topic with du Noüy): (1) ". . . There is . . . much danger in allowing the notion of relativity of good and evil to infiltrate into the masses . . ." (p. 313); (2) There are two groups in society, "the animal and the spiritual"; ". . . the second today represents a smaller percentage of the population of the world. . . ." (This Olympian contempt reminds me of nothing so much as of the writings of Alexis Carrel, co-inventor, with Charles A. Lindbergh, of the mechanical heart, and a former associate of du Noüy. Carrel's preposterous book, *Man the Unknown,* could in many respects be considered an earlier version of this work. Carrel referred to "democratic equality" as an "error" and wrote that "the democratic principle has contributed to the collapse of civilization in opposing the development of an elite." Somehow one feels that du Noüy may be a kinder man, yet with the same fundamental disdain for people.)

On Intelligence: "As to intelligence, symbolized by Lucifer, the Prince of Intellectuals, it will in fact almost always be opposed to moral and spiritual development and will render the pursuit of true happiness difficult" (p. 136).

On Charity and Salvation: "When Christ promises the Kingdom of Heaven to the simple of spirit He does not have in mind the infirm or the dolts, but those whose intuition dominates their intelligence . . ." (p. 153). (It is not generally thought that this is quite the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Strange words, in any case, for a man whom the *Reader's Digest* acclaims as God's Newest Witness.")



On Culture: "When we describe the artistic and cultural capital of a nation and when we evoke the part it played

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in the world, do we dwell on the amorphous and unproductive mass of the people? No; we choose the few rare individuals . . . at the head of humanity" (p. 161).

On Religions (other than Christianity): "When the idea of the omnipotence of God is misunderstood it becomes dangerous. . . . The Moslem concept . . . transforms man into an impersonal living machine, only slightly superior to the insect" (p. 196). (Comparative religion, anthropology and ethnology are not areas in which du Noüy is quite at his best. I should say he thinks about such scientific matters with a superb, Nietzschean disdain.)

On Education: "The progress and happiness of the masses can only be obtained by an improvement of the individual . . . based on a high and noble moral discipline . . . the problem is not so much one of quantity as of quality . . ." (p. 207). Discipline must be imposed on a child from "tender childhood, we mean in the cradle." ". . . Parents, especially mothers, will object [that] this is exaggerated or impossible." They must not permit "the smile, the joy of their child" to weaken their resolve to discipline (p. 209). It is "gross error" to say a child in the cradle cannot learn discipline. "A child three months old can learn perfectly . . ." (p. 210). It is not necessary for the child to understand; "it is even necessary that it should not understand . . ." (p. 210). "A child must learn to obey automatically. The idea that it is *possible* to disobey his parents must be eradicated" (p. 211). The technique of training small children should be "the same as that employed to train animals, and which creates conditioned reflexes and gives excellent results . . ." (p. 213).

"Unfortunately, the great majority of men have not gone beyond the stage of childhood from a moral point of view. They must, therefore, be considered as children, and that is the point of view of most religions" (p. 214).

On Politics: "Socialistic ethics have always shown an appalling lack of imagination. . . . They always respect the dangerous [sic] concept of political or party groups which are artificial and which, although sometimes useful, when a wrong has to be corrected, usually end by bringing about restrictions to freedom or even dictatorships" (p. 236). (I am a little confused as to whether this is an attack on socialism, an appeal to bipartisanship or to nonpartisanship or whether du Noüy himself is confused.)

IN THE field of economics we have a Hayek; in that of *Welt-Politik* a Burnham; as an expert on the general subject of destiny we have Lecomte du Noüy. The most conspicuous attribute of his book is its utter lack of feeling for men at the same time that it professes an often noble credo for man. I think it was said of Swift, as it should be said of du Noüy, that he loved Tom, Dick and Harry though he cared nothing for Tom or for Dick or for Harry. It is this absence of a true Christian spirit which makes so much of what appears in these pages grandiloquent and insincere, if not indeed pernicious. The manner of proof, the slaying, with a great flourish, of arguments already dead, the verbosity, the weighty tone, the rapturous flights do not modify this impression. Now and then, *Human Destiny* reads like a Mark Twain translation from the French.

Some of the things du Noüy has written are true; it is scarcely possible to pour out so much and say nothing. But the remedy for the world's agony is not in these pages. What is needed is more reason, not a tirade against it; more science and less myth; security and not iron discipline from the cradle to the grave. None is incompatible with true religious conviction. The time is past, as du Noüy should know, when a naïve materialism can obstruct man's belief, if he chooses, in God.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

Drawings from New York Public Library Picture Collection; and William Steig, Courtesy Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

Angry Man

ONE LAST LOOK AROUND, by Clark Lee (Duell, Sloan and Pearce; $3.75).

ON August 28, 1945, the day the first American troops landed in Japan, Clark Lee of INS, author of *They Call It Pacific,* walked into the Imperial Hotel and signed the register as "the first newspaperman to return to Tokyo." A prewar resident who had covered the city for the AP, he used his old contacts to guide him through the postwar maze and to beat the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps to the discovery of important enemy figures.

He found and interviewed "Tokyo Rose" before the Army knew her identity, had tea with Tojo in the garden of his home the day before the CIC came to arrest him, and, 24 hours later, was one of the group of correspondents who watched the Prime Minister's long-drawn-out attempt to die after shooting himself—by far the most vivid episode in the book, although the author carefully explains in the next chapter that the Americans' brutality and indifference were "only skin-deep."

Much of the book reads like a series of toughened-up Rover Boys' adventures. Lee persuaded the pilot of an Army plane to land him and a group of his colleagues in Shanghai while it was still in Japanese hands. He led a posse of radio, camera and newspapermen to the foot of Mount Fuji and arrested Colonel Josef Meisinger, Number One Gestapo agent in the Orient. He stood up to the US Army when it tried to curtail his activities. From Japan he went on to Hong-Kong, Siam, Indo-China, Singapore, Java, the Philippines.

But Lee has not been content to write merely a fast-moving narrative. The jacket copy calls him a man of "passionate convictions," and it is obvious that he has a great deal on his mind. Unfortunately, in his attempts at evaluation and explanation rather than straight reporting, his passion tends to confuse his logic and his highly colored style sometimes seems a little

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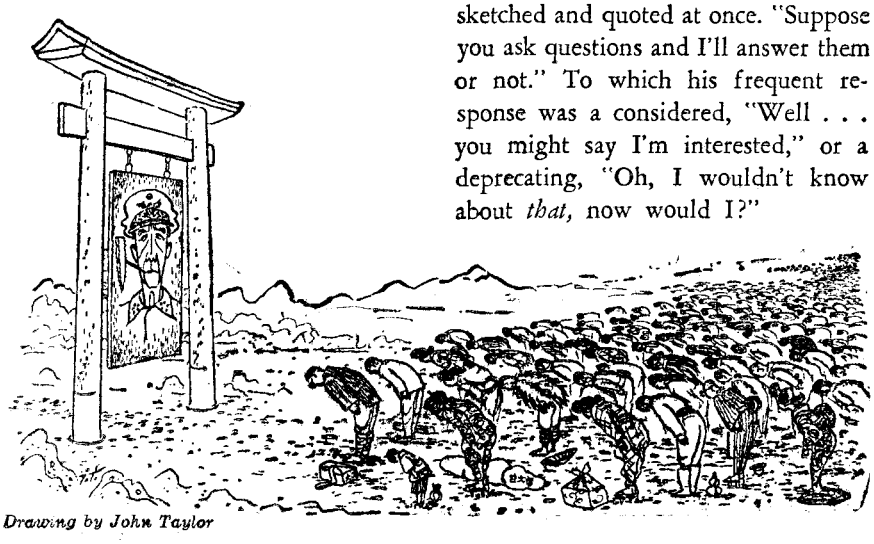
glib. He is genuinely angry, for example, at prewar European imperialism in the Orient and at the attempts to reëstablish it today. But he oversimplifies the problem to a picture of British troops "ordered [by their government] to kill the native peoples who wanted to be free." Dismissing French colonials as "sad sacks," the Dutch as "oppressors" and the Americans as "misguided," he concentrates on the British as the real villains—from the "Churchill Tories," who, he says, helped persuade our State Department to make the bad mistake of keeping the Japanese Emperor, to the British officer he saw maltreating Japanese prisoners in Malaya. Much of what he says may be true, but by using phrases like "a typical dirty British trick," he seriously weakens his case.

Since the book is a last look around at the war as well as at the Far East, he has included gratuitous attacks on several ranking American Army and Navy officials, in the European and Mediterranean theatres as well as the Pacific, a blast against wartime censorship (which, perhaps, helps to explain his present lashing-out in all directions) and a biting, first-hand account of the Bikini test. There is material here for several books. Lee would have done well to settle upon one of them and think through his emotions and experiences a little more carefully. ANNE L. GOODMAN

Anne L. Goodman spent two years overseas, in London, Paris and Germany, during the war. Since her return last year, she has worked for a news service and is now free-lancing.



Drawing by John Taylor

Distinguished Visitor

E. M. FORSTER agreed to an interview several days before his recent departure for England. He was to have his portrait sketched at the time of our appointment, but the artist had very kindly suggested that we could talk while he worked. "I have no idea what we shall talk about," Forster said on the phone. I admitted that neither had I. He said, "Oh, good!"

Early on a very hot morning I went round to the house where he was staying in Greenwich Village. In the littered studio of a top-floor apartment, the sitting was already in progress. Forster was settled comfortably in his shirt sleeves, against several pillows, on a large bed, his legs straight in front of him and his hands folded in his lap. He kept his eye scrupulously fixed on the artist, and since he held to this pose throughout our talk, the first impression was the only one granted. So it can be said at once that he looks just as one might expect, though unlike his photographs, and considerably younger than his age (67). His body is slight and dapper, his face browned except for the white blur of a small mustache. His talk is more agitated than animated, but subject to pauses and musings and charmingly broken by suddenly evaporating chuckles.

He was very serious about the formal aspects of the interview, fretted about chairs and graciously offered pencil and paper, but appeared slightly apprehensive of the whole thing, perhaps of the double exposure of being sketched and quoted at once. "Suppose you ask questions and I'll answer them or not." To which his frequent response was a considered, "Well . . . you might say I'm interested," or a deprecating, "Oh, I wouldn't know about *that,* now would I?"

He seemed disinclined to talk of books and reluctant to talk of writers, murmuring, "I suppose they're about the same everywhere."

He volunteered that he was disappointed to have heard so little music in this country, coming as he did at the wrong season, and proffered the itinerary of his trip in the West—Boulder Dam; the Grand Canyon (where "I went down to the bottom on what I believe is the usual conveyance"); Pasadena ("I went into Hollywood one morning but no one much seemed to be about. There was a mist").

Mention of the universities he had visited dispelled the mist. He brightened immediately. "I should like to say something on that. I had numerous friends among the students." This was evidently a most congenial topic to the man who has written more lovingly perhaps than anyone else of English undergraduate life, and whose description of his own Cambridge, in the early part of *The Longest Journey,* brings tears to the eyes of old "Cantabs."

He was concerned with the difference ("in the *social* life") between the centralized arrangement of American universities and the English system of associated colleges which form so many individual social units. Strange to him were the large, organized intramural activities of the American schools as contrasted with the more personal and intimate amusements of the English student. "But there are many changes there now. The communal meals at college make an immense difference. Food and warmth enter into everything. No fires, you know. The great change is that the students do no entertaining. Of course, formerly they were entertaining all the time. Yes . . . tea parties, at which no wine was served," he added. "And with so many married students at the universities now, the college system is increasingly difficult. I expect we'll have to modify rather along American lines." He appeared to take a dim view of this. "But I'm talking more about England than about America!"

By way of transition, he laughed, "Of course we've nothing like your

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fraternities." Fraternities fascinated him. He returned to them several times, but was anxious to secure further information rather than to hazard an opinion. "You might say I'm very *interested*." Nevertheless, he conceded, "I've heard mostly adverse criticism. But then most of my friends happened not to be in the fraternities." He reflected for a moment, in amusement. "I have heard terribly funny stories of initiations. Of course that sort of thing might be fun at 16, but I should think it would be a bit gray by 18." It was suggested that 18 wasn't the age limit to the fun. He gurgled, "Oh, I should think it still went on at 46!"

THE great difference, he noted, between conversation here and in England is that "in America you're always talking about the menace of Russia. At home we're mostly concerned with the restrictions of daily living. It's only natural we're not interested in foreign affairs. Everyone here has been most sympathetic and nice, but you simply can't imagine what it is to be under this constant pressure of not having enough to eat. Everyone, rich and poor, is always fidgeting. You can't describe it. I can't believe that in two days I shan't be able to get butter and eggs." He added grimly, "What most hurts me here is the waste. I love to see people eating all sorts of things, as many as they can get and as much as they want, but the waste. . . ." He sighed, "I don't know whether anything can be done about it in this country."

Then he changed the subject. "Among entertainments, I saw 'Annie Get Your Gun' and enjoyed it very much." He chuckled mischievously at this. "But what I particularly liked were the two operas by Menotti ["The Medium" and "The Telephone"]. They were the best things I saw here. A friend took me and I went back by myself. I do wish you'd mention that."

As I said goodbye to Forster, I expressed some wishful hope, from an uneasy American conscience, for the "butter and eggs."

"It shall be horrible," he said brightly. JOHN FARRELLY

United Nations News

The New Asia

ECONOMIC reconstruction has now become one of the major political issues of our time. This is especially true in Europe, where differences over the Marshall plan and over the status of the UN's Economic Commission for Europe have greatly magnified the very real problems of supply, distribution, rebuilding and coördination of long-term planning. It is less noticeable, but equally true, of the relatively new and unpublicized Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, which has been meeting as a Committee of the Whole at Lake Success.

It should be stated at the outset that no economic body dealing with principles and long-term planning can ignore political problems. But it is encouraging that, so far as Asia is concerned, these problems are being raised within the United Nations. The ECAFE has wasted a good deal of time, but it has dealt with its equally pressing problems somewhat more calmly than has Europe. This is partly because there has been no attempt, outside the UN, to finance the reconstruction of Asia, and partly because the split between East and West is quite different here, where the West and Russia are united in a desire for Eastern assets and the colonial peoples are pressing for a new power.

The ECAFE, unlike the ECE, is breaking new ground rather than dealing with advanced economies which need rebuilding. Dr. P. Lokanathan of India, who will head the secretariat of the commission, explains that there are virtually no statistics in Asia on industrialization, long-term needs or educational and medical facilities. His job is to compile whatever exists or can be assembled from the Institute of Pacific Relations, from UNRRA and from various Asiatic governments. He will send out field teams, probably composed of experts rather than government representatives, to get further information. A year or so hence the commission will be able to get down to work in earnest. The Indian delegate on the ECAFE, R. K. Nehru (cousin of Pandit Nehru), points out that long-term planning must be the aim of the commission. "We don't care about rebuilding a mud shack for a native," he says in his intense, rapid manner. "We need new machinery, new factories, entire cities."

ONE thing Nehru emphasizes is that Asia's economic problems were, from his point of view, greatly simplified by the war in at least one important way: the colonial peoples, while they were under Japanese occupation, matured politically, began to demand a better way of life and refused to listen uncritically to the plans made for them by Western Europe.

Obviously Nehru's approval of this situation has raised serious disagreements on the commission. Unlike the ECE, the original members of the Asiatic commission were not confined to the geographical territory actually covered by the commission. The Big Five qualified for membership on the grounds that they had interests in Asia; so did the Netherlands; so did Australia. In fact, of the original ten members, only three—Siam, the Philippine Republic and India—are convinced that the awakening of the colonial peoples is a good thing. The chief protagonists on the commission are India's Nehru, supported by Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, the explosive, loquacious Philippine delegate who makes no bones about his pro-colonial sympathies; on the other side, Britain's Sir Andrew Clow, with his precise, legalistic mind and his real attempts to offer compromises worthy of a Labor Government, supported by Louis K. Hyde of the United States.

The immediate problem was how new members should be added to the commission and who they should be. India and the Philippines, in particular, wanted full membership for all Asiatic countries, including those not

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now members of the United Nations. The Western powers, plus China and Russia, voted this move down on the grounds that it was unconstitutional. The USSR made a careful proposal for consultative status for Asiatic countries, on matters of direct concern to them. But, as Romulo pointed out, "Since these territories are all in Asia, there is hardly any matter that may come up before the commission that would not be of concern to them." The United Kingdom, somewhat bolder, advocated associate membership: that is, full participation but no vote. This suggestion was accepted, with P. Chernyshev of the Soviet Union abstaining. Some time later, Chernyshev felt called upon to announce that his country had always been far more sympathetic to colonial peoples than had the United Kingdom. While this may or may not be true in general, the immediate facts, as Sir Andrew was quick to point out, did not substantiate the argument.

BY THE time the ECAFE holds its session next November, probably in Manila, it will undoubtedly have the benefits of colonial opinion from other parts of Asia. Later, as these Asiatic countries gain independence or dominion status and become eligible for membership in the UN, they will become full members of the commission. Eventually they will outvote the Western powers, despite the desires of the United Kingdom, the United States, the Soviet Union, Australia, the Netherlands and China (which, because of her present government, now votes with the Western powers). Although spokesmen for the colonial peoples are, at present, more antagonistic toward Britain than toward any other Western nation, it is significant that the UK has been the first of the great colonial powers to recognize this inevitable power shift, and the first to offer acceptable compromise. Such is the resentment against Britain for the present plight of Asia that these spokesmen cannot yet admit a change in British policy. Eventually, as they gain power and prestige, they will be able to work more amicably with a nation that is preparing to become a small country. JANE BEDELL

Labor

"Featherbedding"

THE United States Supreme Court last month upheld, to virtually everyone's surprise, the Lea (anti-Petrillo) Act, designed to prevent James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the American Federation of Musicians, from forcing radio stations to hire "unnecessary" employees. Congress, however, is not yet wholly happy about its statutes for curbing Petrillo's habits in "protecting the jobs" of his union members. Congress is not certain that the broader provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act on "unnecessary" employees will work well. Nobody with the public interest at heart likes the outmoded construction-industry techniques preserved by the AFL building-trades unions. Yet the general subject of union "featherbedding" rules, commonly treated with mere denunciation in newspaper editorial columns, is considerably more complicated than the oversimplifiers believe.

The first essential in understanding "featherbedding" is to recognize what actually takes place. Among the railroad operating brotherhoods, it consists of union insistence on maintaining a theoretical basic eight-hour day in which a train is supposed to move 100 miles—an average of 12.5 miles an hour, which today is manifestly absurd. Among the typographical unions, it consists of union insistence on "bogus" time spent in each newspaper shop to set and prove up advertisements which could be more cheaply set once.

Among the building trades, featherbedding takes the form of union rules or city building-code restrictions on new materials and processes. Some codes require, for example, a "plaster" wall when it is unnecessarily expensive and is no longer demanded by sensible fire-resistance standards.

When Walter Reuther, president of the CIO United Automobile Workers, appeared last year on a Town Meeting of the Air program in Grand Rapids, Michigan, a local AFL electrical union forced the employment of "stand-by" workers despite the fact that the American Broadcasting Company, producer of the program, had a valid contract with other union electrical workers who performed all required engineering services without benefit of the "stand-bys."

It is suggestive that Reuther, on this occasion, attempted no verbal defense of the AFL electrical union. He made it perfectly clear that he would cross no picket line which the union set up, but the attitude of the local, he commented, reflected a common if false "search for security in an insecure world."

THE soundest generalization which can be made about all union "featherbedding" practices is that, in an age of vast technological change, unions feel a compulsion similar to that once felt by medieval guilds to safeguard the livelihoods of their members.

A second generalization about featherbedding practices is that employers talk considerably more about the "menace" and "wrong" than is justified. When the Twentieth Century Fund sponsored its monumental study of collective bargaining in 1942, the chapter on railroading pointed out that the annual earnings of railroad workers, despite the unions' alleged featherbedding, were scarcely excessive for skilled employees.

A third sound generalization is that unions are not the only offenders in featherbedding practices. It is an arguable point whether city building codes, with their drastic restrictions on non-conventional types of construction, are produced chiefly by union pressure or by pressure from businessmen who have a stake in checking new processes. It has also been suggested, with considerable force, that a one-percent cut in interest rates by the entrepreneurs of the building industry would save the ordinary home-builder

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as much as the reduction of labor costs through elimination of unnecessary city code restrictions.

A proper approach toward featherbedding is to treat it as a symptom of American workers' fear that technological change or production speed-ups will drive them to the breadlines. Technological change is inevitable and in the long run presumably beneficial. Nobody argues that the wagon-and-buggy industry should have been featherbedded against development of the automotive industry. But there is something absurd in congressional attitudes which treat featherbedding as an absolute moral wrong and ignore the deeply human feelings of the workers involved.

Take coal as an example. The industry no longer will support as many workers as it supported, in a fashion, before World War I. It is untenable for Congress, in its anxiety to smash John L. Lewis, to ignore the personal problems of 400,000 miners. Some unions and managements have worked out, tentatively at least, rational agreements on the speed with which new labor-saving devices are introduced. Congress might similarly grapple with the real issue—how to meet the legitimate problems of workers frightened of the future.

FRED A. HARTLEY JR., New Jersey Republican who headed the House Labor Committee, says he will retire as a result of the pressure brought against him by unions protesting the Taft-Hartley Act. . . . The New York State AFL State Federation of Labor, previously friendly toward Senator Irving M. Ives (R, N.Y.), has denounced Ives for his part in creating the law, and William Green has called for his defeat in 1945. . . . CIO unions and Green see eye to eye about the new Labor Relations Board created by the Act; they would rather have no federal agency supposed to guarantee collective bargaining than the type of agency now set up to harry unions, and they will increasingly boycott the board. But there is no real sign that AFL and CIO merger talks are nearing agreement.

WILLARD SHELTON

Movies

The Dim View

"COPACABANA" is a musical comedy elaborately and innocently pretending to show life in the New York night club of that name. There are present three actual Broadway columnists, Carmen Miranda and a chorus line better-looking than can be seen on any night at the Copacabana.

The show contains one juvenile boy singer, Andy Russell, an equally juvenile girl singer, Gloria Jean, and Groucho Marx. It has about four good moments, and those aren't enough.

Marx is an artist, but I suppose that money has again talked to an artist in the usual way. Amid a lot of weary posturing, he still does a couple of the inspired old tricks. He sings a Western song, flailing his arms and rising on his toes in the crises; and there is the old routine of walking with his knees bent, his mustache chastely groomed, but bristling, his eyes rolling, and a cigar on fire. Of those clowns I've known who work in freedom and use all the techniques, of their act, including the worn but always successful trick of human suffering, I consider the Marx Brothers very important. And I wonder why they no longer seem as good as they once did, or appear as often, or get any acceptable stories.

Carmen Miranda, in "Copacabana," plays two fiery singers when surely one would have sufficed. She plays herself, the "Brazilian Bombshell," and a Mlle. Fifi, from French Morocco, in a veil. Both of these seem to me overwhelmingly dull, and my enemies consider me lenient. Miss Miranda's singing in her native Portuguese is as good as it ever was, but her singing in English still does not impress me as entertainment.

The three columnists are Louis Sobol, Earl Wilson, and Abel Green of *Variety*. These, of course, are the omniscient ones, so influential that their gossip columns are rumored to determine circulation. Reviewing the performance of Wilson, Sobol and Green, I can say only that they photograph exactly as they look, with the rather amusing difference that in the movie they look scared to death.

"IVY" is from a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and in it appear Joan Fontaine, Herbert Marshall, Richard Ney and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. The cast is competent, but, except for Joan Fontaine, who seems happy enough, all the actors appear depressed.

Ivy, elegantly dressed, rustles up to a sinister lady soothsayer who describes some of her adventures ahead, but omits, as they will, the bad points. The seance is played against an annoying little tune produced by a Dickensian character on the clavichord. Thereafter, whenever Ivy feels naughty or like poisoning somebody, the sound-effects man produces this tinkling tune. This is to explain that Ivy is remembering the prophecy that she must get away from her husband and into a more lucrative situation. The situation is Marshall, a good man, but rich; it also means leaving her lover. This is all very complicated, particularly for a girl who seems a cold, unpleasant mistress and who, to gain her wicked end, breaks down only enough to reach out a little gloved hand.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

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Czech Challenge

(Continued from page 15)

that danger will be the Russian alliance.

It is at this turn of the argument that Czechoslovaks really bear down on the German question. It is not, of course, the only context in which they refer to the Germans. The German question in Czechoslovakia is like the Russian question in America. Whenever you outline something that seems in general to be a good idea, somebody in America says, "But that will help the Russians," or somebody in Czechoslovakia says, "But that will strengthen the Germans." And that is likely to be the end of that good idea.

Other nations, among whom the Hitler murderers killed the flower of the people, may fear a strong Germany as much as the Czechoslovaks. But no people can equal the Czechoslovaks in the methodical persistence with which they are determined to hamper any policy that might create a Germany strong enough to make another eastward thrust or to be used by any other nation as a spearhead for an eastward thrust.

Schacht-controlled colonies

OLD Danube Basin countries, say the Czechoslovaks, had an economically colonial relation to Germany. In them, the Schacht side of the Hitler organization dumped German industrial products in markets controlled by blocked-currency devices. From this region they drew industrial raw materials, and in this region they massacred in its infancy every industrial development they could not control. Only Czechoslovak industry survived and competed because of the ingenuity and tenacity of the Czechoslovaks.

To Czechoslovak minds, General de Gaulle's proposal for the restoration of "the Old Europe" and Herbert Hoover's concept of Germany as "the workshop of Europe" both imply not only restoring the vigor of the old Germany but renewing the old economic subordination of the Danube Basin. This they will oppose even if it is supported by America.

It is just around this corner, however, that the Czechoslovaks make the turn toward optimism instead of pessimism. In the past week I have been putting two questions to every responsible Czechoslovak I could reach, and the answers to both questions are optimistic.

The first question concerns the significance of the diminution of sovereignty that is indicated when Czechoslovakia trails in the wake of Soviet policy. Is this preliminary to being swallowed by Russia at some convenient time in the future?

A transfer of dependence

ONE typical answer comes from a man in a top industrial position. Czechoslovakia has not, he said, suffered any new diminution of sovereignty. Throughout the first period of its existence, Czechoslovakia was dependent on France to a degree which modified her sovereignty quite as much as the present relationship with Russia. No policy move of any kind was made without prior consultation with France, and the strategic planning of Czechoslovakia was wholly dependent on permanent consultation with the French general staff. That relationship has now been transferred to Russia.

And, he added, while Czechoslovak dependence on France was complete, the French stake in Czechoslovakia was conditional, as was proved at Munich. The present association with Russia is preferable, at least to the extent that Russia's interest in the security of Czechoslovakia's German frontier is, as nearly as possible, identical with Czechoslovakia's own interest.

Another answer was from a man whose coöperation with Communists in this multi-party state is to the utmost degree wary and unillusioned. Every smaller state in the world today, he said, suffers from an impairment of its sovereignty to one degree or another. In this respect, old, institutional, legal aspects of sovereignty are out of date. New, adequate institutions have yet to be evolved. There is no reason to believe they will not be evolved or that, in the specific case of Czechoslovakia, Russia will prevent their application when they have been evolved.

The second question concerned the degree of identity between the emotional crisis about Czechoslovakia and the actual crisis in the economic and power structure of Europe. Here the answer was that, without exception, the two kinds of crisis are far from identical.

In a whole series of European countries there are differing degrees of antagonism or balance among capitalist, socialist and communist parties. On the other hand, an absolutely fundamental difference between Europe after the First World War and Europe now is that it is impossible to summon a full roll call of the countries willing either to cordon off Russia or to be cordoned off from the West.

Convinced by economics

IN Europe today the variation between capitalism and communism runs from socialist countries which are near-communist to countries with managed economies which are near-capitalist. The need of these countries to trade in and out and back and forth among themselves is as important as the need for capital equipment from America and food and raw materials from Russia. Some of these countries are at Paris and some aren't. The most important of those at Paris is Britain, but in the exact proportion as Britian's dollar hunger grows, it will become more difficult for the government of Britain, in its search for dollars from America, to refuse to the British people the alleviations that can be had by trading with Eastern Europe and Russia.

The Czechoslovaks are saddened by the fact that they are not at Paris to talk on equal terms with the other nations. But the Czechoslovaks are still convinced that in time, and not too long a time, they will still meet all these nations and meet them as equals. They may not meet at Paris. They may not all meet at once. But they will all meet.

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Music

Jazz Under the Elms

WHEN I was a sophomore at college I took a typical "music-appreciation" course, and one of the features in this assembly line of culture was a small room equipped with turntables and earphones. Groups of students would sit in this room, looking like apprentice radio operators as they filled the place with smoke, took intensive notes and appreciated the living daylights out of music.

Needless to say, we were appreciating classical music. That's not entirely accurate, for, as I remember, jazz was included in the course when a condescending nod was directed toward George Gershwin. But this was some few years ago and since then I've learned that several colleges and universities have come to adopt a more tolerant attitude toward jazz. Perhaps it's too much to hope for, but I look forward to the day when jazz will enjoy a place in the music department of every American college.

I realize that serious study of jazz can be dangerous for many reasons, one of which is that it can get *too* serious. An intellectual approach can be academic and humorless, and examples may be found in the work of men like Rudi Blesh, Hugues Panassie and Charles Delaunay. And then there's the lunatic fringe of extremists from either the New Orleans or Bebop school. To let one of these nuts loose in a classroom would defeat the entire purpose of a course in jazz. I have yet to find the extremist who can show me credentials, issued by the Angel Gabriel, authorizing him to lay down the law as to what's good and what's bad in jazz.

A step in the right direction has been taken by the Extension Division of the University of California, which offers a series of eight two-hour lectures on jazz music, conducted by Miss Iva Dee Hiatt, a member of the University's music department. The course has been given six times and will be open again this fall. Enrolment has been small, the average figure running to about 35, but from what I've learned, the students get their money's worth.

In her lectures, Miss Hiatt covers the origins of jazz and its gradual development through New Orleans, Chicago, New York and Kansas City. She discusses styles, bands and musicians, and while her taste runs in the general direction of the Mississippi delta, she doesn't let this fact prevent her from talking about the famous bands of the late thirties, Duke Ellington, or even a typical present-day commercial group like Stan Kenton's orchestra. Charles Edward Smith's excellent *Jazz Record Book* is used as a text, and Miss Hiatt illustrates with records. According to reader Georgiana Benjamin, whom I'd like to thank for giving me this information, the students usually remain after class for another hour of records and informal talk.

IN 1934 Louis Armstrong made a triumphal tour of Europe, where he was and still is better appreciated than in his own country. While in Paris, he cut a number of sides which until recently were all but impossible to find in the United States. Six of them are now available in an album issued by Vox. The records are "Tiger Rag" and "St. Louis Blues," "Will You, Won't You Be My Babe?" and "Song of the Vipers," and a two-side

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recording of "Sunny Side of the Street." With the exception of "Sunny Side," these records don't impress me as being the best of Armstrong, but they show occasional flashes. They're interesting, too, for anyone unfamiliar with European ensembles. The reeds and brass behind Armstrong's solos are characteristically inconsistent, one minute playing with power and beat and then disintegrating into something that's best described as The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven.

More recent offerings by The King are three pop sides and a blues on Victor: "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder" and "It Takes Time," and "I Believe" and "You Don't Learn That in School." Like the Vox pieces, only more so, these are unexciting. The band goes through its paces on unimaginative arrangements, and Armstrong's trumpet lacks its usual warmth. However, his voice doesn't. It's pure Satchmo, turning relatively insignificant lyrics into something special.

JESSIE PRICE turns in something very nice for the hot weather on "That's the Way She Feels" and "Blue Book Boogie" (Capitol). Price and his small group relax their way through both sides in an unobtrusive, pleasing way, playing good jazz without trying too hard. I don't know the names of the soloists, but the records feature some unusually clean trumpet work and a tenor sax played, believe it or not, so that it sounds like a tenor sax.

ARTHUR GODFREY, radio's original Good Natured Slob, may now be heard on six sides in an album issued by Crown. I don't need to say anything more to Godfrey fans, but those who haven't heard The Man, ought to. To me he's one of the personalities of radio, and though by ordinary standards his voice would sound more at home in a bathtub, he manages to inject into it warmth, friendliness and humor, and his records ought to be natural jukebox material. He's accompanied on the album by the orchestras of Hank Sylvern and Archie Bleyer, the latter being one of the smoothest small groups in the business today. CHARLES MILLER

Radio

Writers Sound Off

LIKE farmers, plumbers or physics professors, radio writers can find more gripes, squawks and barbs to toss at their medium—and at one another—than the most crabbed critic could assemble without help. Any collection of radio plays in book form displays, in addition to drama, a plethora of commentary. Put 21 top radio writers between the covers of one anthology, give it a preface by Norman Corwin, an introduction by Joseph Liss and sprinkle with prefatory nuggets by most of the others, and you should come up with some criticism worth more than passing notice. That is exactly what I found in the latest anthology, *Radio's Best Plays* (Greenberg, $3), edited by Liss. Don't let the pretentious title put you off. A dozen of the plays are superb, but comments scattered through the volume are worth special attention.

Mostly the writers bewail their lot. They weep over radio's limitations. They are unhappy about the medium's inadequacy in handling themes socially significant. They want more poetry on the air; they criticize one another ever so subtly, or they just hate critics. But I think we should let them sound off, and here, with 99 and 44/100 percent of the dialogue from Liss's book, is their own capsule debate (my transitions and thought-reading in italics).

LISS: When conversation gets dull in literary saloons, the barflies gather around to attack radio: "It is selling out our cultural traditions. It is repugnant to our poetic souls. It is the literature of the illiterate." Anyone who attempts to defend radio is a Judas bribed by an advertising agency. The fact is that radio is just as good or just as grotesque as the other arts—considering all the limitations.

ARTHUR MILLER: *Yes, but those limitations!* There is so much you can't say on the radio that, for a serious writer, it presents a blank wall. Freedom is tightly circumscribed. Give the medium to the artists. Give them freedom to write a play without format.

MORTON WISHENGRAD: Radio's greatest assets are its narrow limitations. Goethe said a long time ago: "It is in working within limits that the craftsman reveals himself." That still holds true. There is very little wrong with radio that good writing can't fix.

ARNOLD PERL: *But try to do good writing.* I mean writing showing that this is a real world faced with complex problems that must be dealt with. My life in radio is proof that radio needs to be changed. I have been an anti-fascist for about ten years. But in the five years I have been writing for radio—estimated output 1,180,000 words—I guess I have been allowed to say fewer than 6,000 words about fascism.

NORMAN CORWIN: *It's a problem of radio executives.* Artistic radio will not develop without a willing and interested leadership on the part of those who control programming, budget and time.

ERIK BARNOUW: *True.* One of the greatest dangers to radio is the notion that some editors and executives have that it is somehow in the public interest to keep controversial issues out of radio drama.

MILLARD LAMPELL: But radio is the jukebox of the corporations. As long as they keep sticking nickels into the damn thing, it will play the tunes they pick. I want the networks to offer more anger—more anger and dignity.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH: Over and above all, there is the great question of audience. What radio is lacking is not the possibility. It's the will—plus a few directors as deeply interested in the problem as the problem deserves. Radio is a mechanism which carries to an audience sounds, and nothing but sounds. There is only the word-excited imagination. The word dresses

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the stage, brings on the actors, supplies their looks, their clothes, their gestures. On the stage, verse is often an obstacle. Over the radio, verse is not an obstacle; only the ear is engaged, and the ear is already half-poet.

NORMAN ROSTEN: I think if poetry is given a chance on the air—and I do not mean the "poetry" of the singing commercial—it will prove it is no dead or esoteric thing. It is a matter of breaking established clichés of diction and allowing, if only occasionally, newer rhythms on the air.

MACLEISH: These considerations alone should deeply move the American poet whose present tragedy is his isolation from any audience vigorous enough to demand his strongest work.

WISHENGRAD: Then let us condemn the poets and the decent writers who abuse the radio medium by their neglect of it.

LAMPELL: *Oh, sure.* Radio as a medium is exciting. It's flexible. It's a wonderful form for verse. But what I said about the corporations holds. As long as they pick the tunes, I won't be around to write that radio.

WISHENGRAD: Don't condemn the medium because it is abused by the vulgar, the stand-patter and the nostrum-maker who elevate the mediocre into the arbiter of taste. The automobile does not become a criminal invention because a bank robber uses it to make his getaway. Just as critics sometimes confuse themselves with God, so do the unwary sometimes confuse the maladministration of radio with the medium itself. Elsewhere [1] I pointed out that the radio medium cannot rise above the culture of which it is essentially an expression and an instrument. But it can, at least, try to express the occasional peaks of that culture and not merely its mediocrities.

CORWIN: *Well,* I discovered long ago that radio is apparently impervious to criticism, good criticism or bad. That discovery has driven me to the less solid group of the hoper. Radio will persist. It will persist in spite of the

[1] In Wishengrad's preface to his own book, *The Eternal Light.* – ED.

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very barflies of whom Joe Liss speaks —the barflies who moan at five cents a word because the industry never tries anything new, yet who are the first to throw tin cans at the new thing tried.

ARTHUR LAURENTS: By and large, however, radio plays have been manufactured to sell soap, not to make literature. For the playwright who is fond of his craft, radio is pretty much of an unrealized potential.

PERL: *Just the same,* my intention is to stay in radio and try to do something about it.

LAMPELL: *Excuse me!*

MILLER: *Count me out, too.*

LISS: *It's right to be angry.* But if we arouse interest, radio can get somewhere in the welfare of the people. Stick with us, you writers, and help arouse the public. The airwaves belong to the people, and the people deserve a great deal. Radio could be their true medium of expression. In spite of censorship in wartime, the Golden Age of radio flourished during the fighting and the dying. The best radio literature was written during the war. Out of anger and purpose. If the public gets mad again, the radio Renaissance will take place while we're living.

HERE are some shows to watch for. On V-J Day, August 14, CBS will do another of its full-hour super-duper documentaries (10 to 11 p.m.), titled "We Went Back." Crack correspondents will tell what the fronts of yesterday look like today. . . . Some time in October NBC starts a new series of full-hour dramatic shows called "The Ford Theatre." The hour (five to six p.m.) has been Toscanini's, but the NBC orchestra will switch to Saturday at 6:30. In late August or September, the ABC network will give a full hour to a documentary based on the Twentieth Century Fund's monumental *America's Needs and Resources.* Day and time undetermined at this point.

SAUL CARSON

Farm

Future Dust Bowl

NEARLY everybody knows that the plow that broke the plains caused the dust bowl of the thirties, but almost nobody realizes that another dust bowl is coming and that next time the disaster will ruin more acres than before.

From 1942 to June, 1947, more than five million new acres in the Great Plains were plowed. Most of the newly plowed soil is unfit for cultivation except in wet years; it is very thin and sandy and is located in dryer climatic belts than land plowed in the twenties and thirties.

Increased efficiency has made the breaking of such marginal lands economically feasible. Recently a plow was invented which will disc 14 acres an hour. This great machine is 60 feet wide, cuts a swath of 42 feet and can be operated 24 hours a day. It is pulled by a 34,000-pound Caterpillar tractor and is supported by three wheels from a B-17 bomber.

Old farmers in eastern Colorado, where a great deal of grass land is being plowed, claim that cheap marginal areas are being brought into cultivation by newcomers who have not experienced the disastrous storms of the thirties. The newcomers do not care, they say, about the long overdue drought. They can break even on the deal if they can make just one good crop; if they make two, they will be rich. They do not care for the land; frequently they have never seen it. They live in Dallas or Denver or Kansas City or even New York and they send a man down to exploit their land and to make a killing before the crash comes.

Many of the old farmers are soil conservationists who have learned how to take care of their land. One of these is Charles Peacock of Arriba, Colorado, who farms 2,700 acres and summer fallows 1,200 to 1,500 acres every year. He tills his soil in such a way that every drop of water that

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falls on it stays there. A few years ago he invented a machine which builds little dams as it goes, giving his fields the appearance of huge waffles.

COLORADO seems to have been hit the hardest by the get-rich-quick methods. In 1935 the Colorado State Legislature repealed the Soil Conservation Law which prevented "blowy" land from being plowed. As a result, about 50 percent of the soil-conservation districts failed to reënact their soil-conservation regulations. Many of these districts were dominated by absentee owners. For example, in one election there were only 300 resident owners but there were 634 tracts owned by absentees. Local agents collected proxies, thereby winning the election and repealing all soil-conservation regulations.

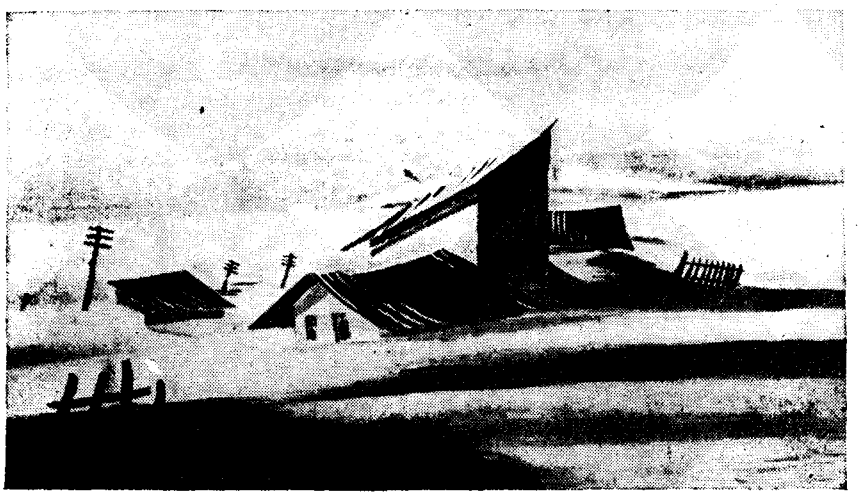
After 1945 the plowing of grass land in Colorado went on at a greater and greater rate. In 1946, two-thirds more sod was ripped out than in 1945, and in 1947, 88 percent more than in 1946. It is estimated that for every 20 acres that the government has reseeded, 640 other erosible acres have been plowed.

Last year natives in the Great Plains feared that the black blizzards of the thirties were coming again. From October, 1945, to August, 1946, New Mexico and other areas experienced a severe drought which caused extensive soil drifting and a number of regional dust storms. In Nebraska the dust drifted six feet high on some roads. By January, 1946, a million acres were affected, and in February dust storms reached Kansas City. By June 15 it was estimated that there were seven million acres ready to blow in the Plains. Only 8.5 million acres blew in the thirties. Fortunately rains came and the Great Plains received a suspended sentence.

During this period many scoffed at the danger. They contended that summer fallowing would prevent dust storms and talked vaguely of modern methods being better than the old. The truth is that, from a soil-conservation standpoint, modern methods are worse than the old. As far as fallowing is concerned, it will never prevent erosion on extremely erosive land. It will of course increase production by conserving moisture. Many farmers, however, do not fallow because under the fallow system half their land produces nothing.

AT the present time the farmers of the Great Plains are further expanding their operations. Capital is still pouring into eastern Colorado and the last few remaining grasslands are being cultivated. Wheat farmers are just completing their most profitable year. The suitcase farmers have gambled and they won. There is no reason to believe that they will quit the game now. The pity of it is that the good farmers must pay for the folly of the speculators. For while their local conservation measures may at first protect them, their lands, like the lands of the speculators, will be engulfed in a sea of dust when a long drought comes to the Plains.

ANGUS MC DONALD



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Bandwagon

Paper Chase

Its [the American Military Government's] objectives were de-militarization, de-industrialization and de-Nazification. The latter was accomplished by requiring the populace to fill out questionnaires. – *From the Fond du Lac (Wisconsin)* Commonwealth Reporter.

"It Was a Glorious Victory"

The Manila *Times* today reported 14 'teen-age boys, suspected of belonging to the anti-government Hukbalahap organization, were killed late yesterday by one police officer on the outskirts of Clark Field. . . . It quoted the Filipino military-police headquarters in Manila as saying: "The feat was definitely the most spectacular in the pacification drive so far." – *AP dispatch from Manila.*

Mens Sana

While Franco thinks nothing of keeping a good share of his 150,000 political prisoners rotting in the dungeons beneath the Puerta del Sol, he is a highly moral man. . . . Franco is one wealthy Spaniard who does not have a mistress. – *From the* Saturday Evening Post.

Step Right Up

Can foremen be fired for union activities?

YES. Foremen and other supervisors can be fired for taking part in union activities. The new law withdraws from this group protection of the right to organize. . . . There is nothing in the law, however, that prohibits a foreman from joining a union. – *From an article about the Taft-Hartley Act in* U.S. News.

No Error

During the current campaign he has been a mainstay on the Wildcat nine. In addition to hitting .300 in conference games, he has a perfect fielding record, not having made an effort in six games. – *From the Evanston (Illinois)* Evening Northwestern.

Any Day Now

The novel [*Behold the Upright*, by F. A. Nauheim] is a narrative of GI life among the German people, viewed from both sides of the fence. But because of its wartime backdrop, the publishers have decided to withhold publication until public interest in war stories revives. – *From the Washington (D.C.)* Daily News.

Q. E. D.

Tammany Hall has had a long history of corruption. Many of its bosses were corrupt. – *From Elsa Maxwell's column in the New York* Post.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Evans Carlson

SIR: The June 23 issue of the *New Republic* in which appears a piece, "When a Marine Dies," has just now come to my attention. I hasten to correct your error in concluding that my husband, Brigadier General Evans F. Carlson, USMCR, retired, died without funds. I am surprised, but only a little, that you did not check with me before publishing an assumption as fact.

While it is quite true that generous friends volunteered their assistance to me in an immediate personal emergency (which few ordinary citizens in these times are adequately prepared to meet), it is also true that General Carlson, as a Reserve officer on the retired list, received an entirely adequate compensation from the government. To suggest that he died without funds in the light of this information (which was available to you had you cared to inquire) is to create a distorted picture which might well suggest to those of your readers familiar with his status, that my husband was improvident, and this is in itself ridiculous. However, had your statement been true, my husband would have regarded it as an unpardonable breach of privacy, and an offense to the sensibilities and dignity of an individual; in short, the very sort of irresponsible lack of concern for human beings against which he strove, in what

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Henry Wallace refers to as Evans Carlson's "concept of the brotherhood of man."

The important aspect in connection with the reasons why the government did not bear a larger share of the funeral expenses and transportation at the time of my husband's death, has been completely overlooked by the *New Republic*. The facts are these: General Carlson did not die in a government hospital, and therefore the provisions which apply as regards transportation and funeral expenses (beyond the usual $150 provided under the Veterans' Administration) did not apply in his case, and were not available. There must be many widows, not all so fortunate in the generosity of friends as I, who are constrained to meet similar exigencies alone. My husband was a modest man and he would have wished no exceptional treatment from his government that is not available to the rank and file of the military. In this connection, however, I feel that the *New Republic* might make a useful contribution in investigating the legislation concerned with the provisions applicable in veteran deaths, and informing its readers of the facts.

Brightwood, Ore. PEGGY T. CARLSON

[The editors apologize to Mrs. Carlson for what she feels has been "an unpardonable breach of privacy." We meant to imply that Carlson died as he lived, at the very margin of security, struggling for the things he thought were right.]

For Wider Distribution

SIR: I have been a reader of the *New Republic* for many years and have developed the habit of systematically passing each issue on as soon as I have finished reading it. I try to place it where I think it will do the most good.

In these days when reactionary elements are bending every effort to suppress liberalism, I think it important that no copy of the *New Republic* be wasted, so I suggest that your readers pass on each copy in order to give it the widest possible circulation.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN REED

SIR: There's a patient at Olive View Sanitarium, near San Fernando, who writes to a friend: "Chanced on a copy of the *New Republic* last week. Marvelous—certainly without equal—and I hope for more." Our copy already serves one patient besides ourselves. . . . So I'm wondering if there is a subscriber who would mail his old copies to Michel Konosky, Ward 109, Olive View, California?

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